

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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John Jameson



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Vast quantities of electricity are essential for making aluminium. Already this light, strong metal has a thousand uses, and no end in sight . . . from wrapping foil to railway cars, from pots and pans to aircraft, power cables, bridge girders. In Great Britain as well as in Canada and other aluminium-producing countries throughout the world, ENGLISH ELECTRIC has provided generating plant, rectifiers, transformers and switchgear to make possible the production of this wonderful metal.



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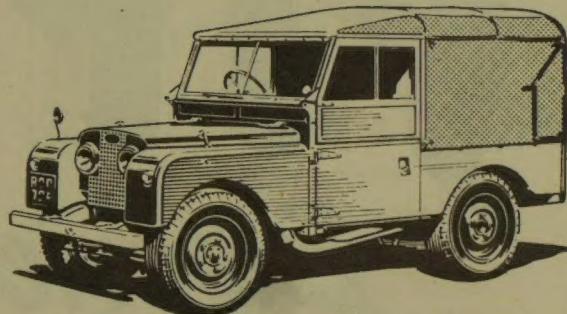
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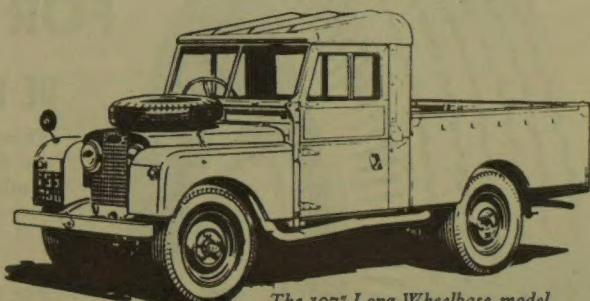
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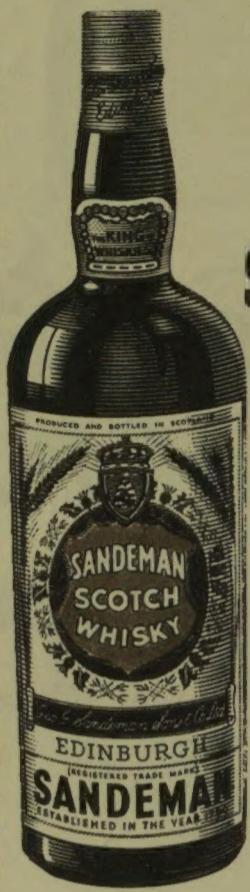
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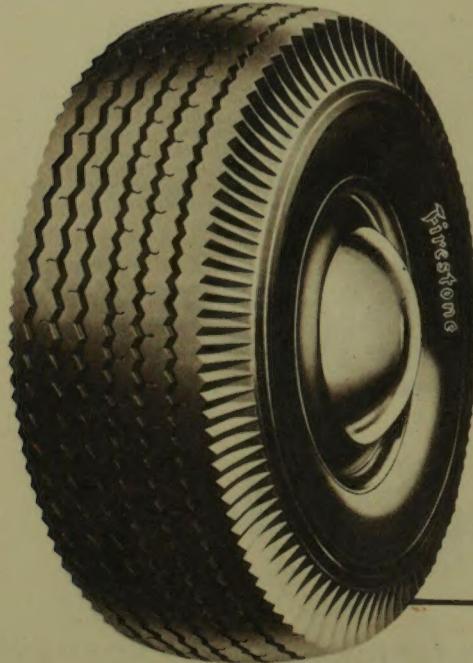
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80% Less Engine Wear with new BP Special Energol

‘VISCO-STATIC’ MOTOR OIL

UP TO 12% LOWER PETROL CONSUMPTION

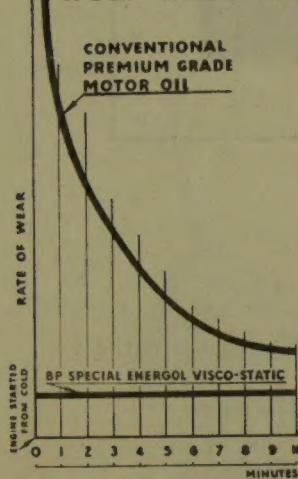
Doubles the life of your engine

This is wonderful news. You can save 80% of engine wear, cut petrol consumption and enjoy easier starting and greater reliability than ever before thought possible.

BP Special Energol is a new kind of motor oil introduced by The British Petroleum Company for use in all four-stroke petrol engines in good condition. It has been exhaustively tested in the laboratory and on the road. Here are only two of the amazing proved results:

You reduce wear on cylinder walls and pistons by 80%. Most important of all you prevent the heavy rate of wear during the first mile or two after starting. This means your engine maintains its performance for more than twice as long and the mileage between overhauls is doubled.

See how BP Special Energol saves wear when starting from cold



In this graph the upper curve is the result of tests with conventional premium grade oils. The height of the line is the amount of wear occurring at any instant. Notice the very high rate of wear immediately after starting and how this reduces gradually as the engine warms up.

Now see the lower line which is the rate of wear with BP Special Energol. Notice how it remains at the same low level all the time and even after some minutes running is still substantially lower than with conventional oils.

You save substantially on petrol consumption — 5-10% on normal running and up to 12% on start and stop running such as a doctor does.

Although BP Special Energol costs 50% more than conventional premium oils, it repays its extra cost on petrol saving alone.

‘Visco-static’?

BP Special Energol ‘Visco-static’ is quite unlike any conventional motor oil. It is as thin when cold as the lightest grade of lubricating oil at present sold. Yet it is as thick when hot as the grades normally recommended for summer use. This special property in an oil is what lubrication scientists have been striving after for many years. It means ideal lubrication at all temperatures using only this one grade of oil for all engines and seasons where S.A.E. grades 10W to 40 are normally recommended. It is the reason why BP Special Energol not only reduces wear and petrol consumption but improves motoring performance and reliability in almost every way.

Easier starting than you have ever known

BP Special Energol flows freely even in extreme cold so that the engine will turn over more freely. Starting even in mid-winter is no more difficult than in high summer.

Less choke needed

You start with less choke and can cut out the choke earlier. This not only reduces petrol consumption but prevents oil being washed from the cylinder walls by liquid petrol — one of the reasons why wear is normally so heavy during the first mile or two of running.

No oil starvation and less wear

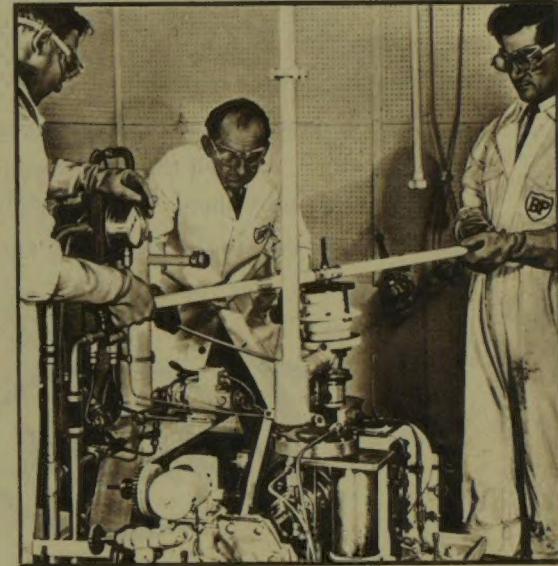
Full lubrication begins from the first turn of the engine. Abrasive products on the cylinder walls are washed away immediately. This saves an enormous amount of wear on both your piston rings and cylinder walls. BP Special Energol includes additives which give outstanding film strength, acid resisting properties and detergency.

Less oil consumption

By reducing wear, BP Special Energol also reduces oil consumption. It maintains ample viscosity for good lubrication even at the hottest parts of the engine, near the piston rings.

How to use BP Special Energol

BP Special Energol should not be mixed with conventional oils. The sump should be drained and refilled with the new oil and this should be



Radio-activity provides the proof

This picture shows a radio-active piston ring being fitted into the special wear research engine at the BP Research Station at Sunbury. When the engine is running, radio-active particles in the oil stream show the rate of engine wear while it is happening. By condensing years of wear tests into weeks, this equipment has speeded the arrival of BP Special Energol and has provided exhaustive proof of its value.

repeated after the first 500 miles. Future oil changes should be after the normal mileage recommended by the makers of your car.

When not to use BP Special Energol

If your engine is worn and will shortly need overhauling, do not use BP Special Energol. The normal grades of BP Energol are still on sale and will help your engine to give the best possible service until it has been overhauled. Your garage manager will be glad to give advice if you are in any doubt.

BP Special Energol is obtainable at garages where you see the BP Shield. It is coloured red for easy identification and sold in sealed packages.



SPECIAL ENERGOL ‘VISCO-STATIC’ MOTOR OIL IS A PRODUCT OF THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY LIMITED

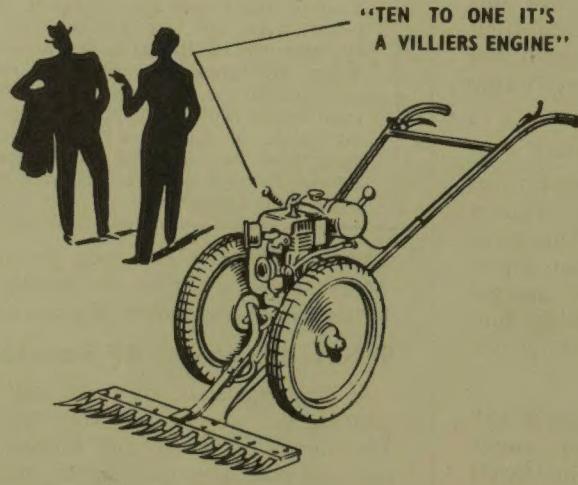
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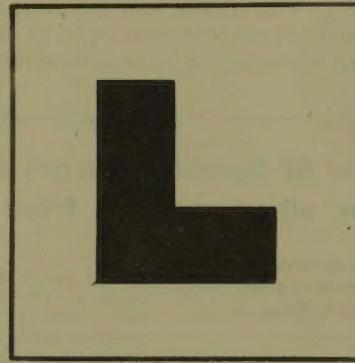
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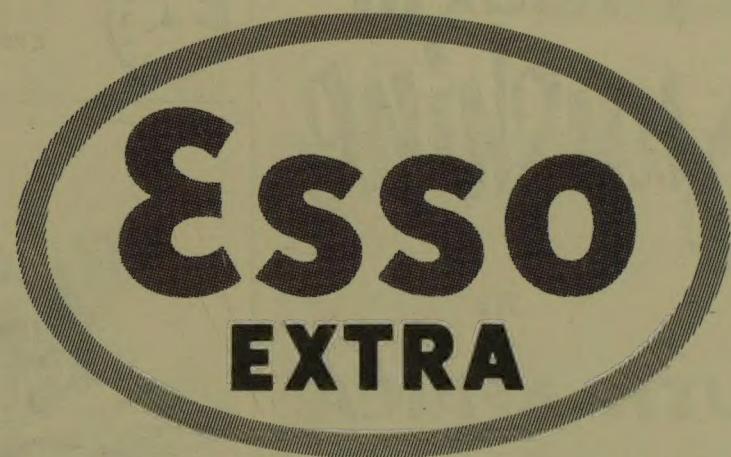
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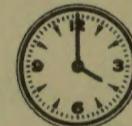
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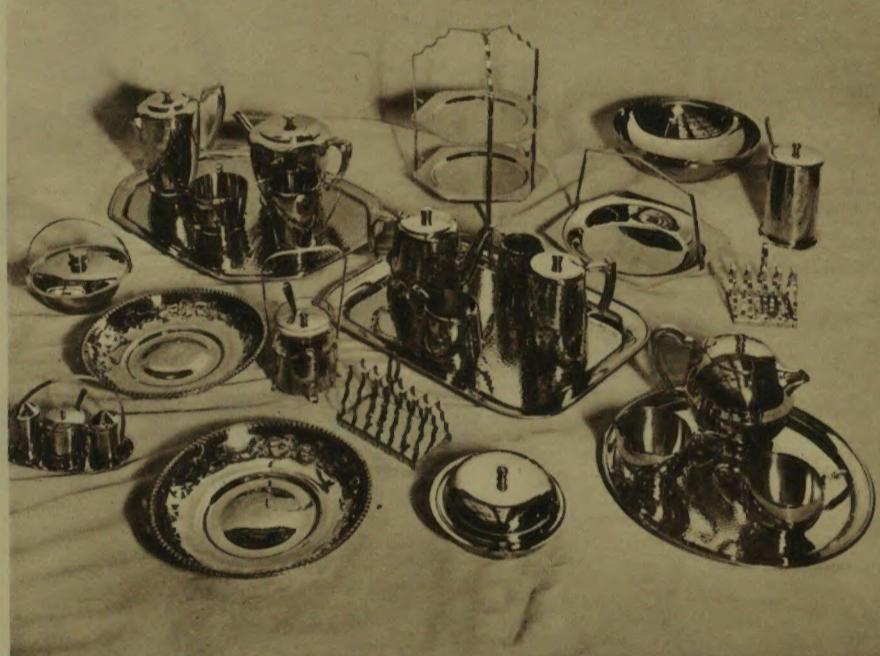
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1955.



DEFEATED AND DESERTED: M. MENDÈS-FRANCE, PRIME MINISTER OF FRANCE SINCE JUNE, ALONE IN THE CHAMBER BEFORE THE DEBATE WHICH LED TO THE FALL OF HIS GOVERNMENT.

In the small hours of February 5, M. Mendès-France's Government was defeated on a vote of confidence arising out of the North African Debate by 319 votes to 273. Among those who voted against him were twenty of his own Radical Party, inspired by M. René Mayer. It is assumed that the North African policy was the occasion rather than the cause of M. Mendès-France's defeat, the real cause lying rather in the number of enemies he had made during his vigorous term of

office. After his defeat he began to make a final statement from the rostrum, but after a while a storm of protests arose and he left the Chamber in despair. His departure, with the Paris Treaty still unratified and the Tunisian problem calling for settlement, has caused widespread anxiety. On February 6, M. Antoine Pinay, a Right-Wing leader, had accepted the President's invitation to form a Government, but his failure or success was unknown at the time of writing.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

SOMETIMES on this page I have written of occasions when it seemed to me that American critics of this country were lacking in balance and justice in their strictures on something Britain had done or failed to do. But I can remember no criticism of my own country which seems to me quite as unfair as that which is now appearing in certain quarters about President Eisenhower's brave and sensible stand over Formosa. The essence of this criticism is that Formosa is no business of America's at all and is purely a Chinese concern. That a Communist—someone, that is, whose ideological duty is to voice the opinions and interests of Big Brother in Moscow—should take this view is only to be expected. But that any Englishman who is not a Communist—and only a very insignificant handful of Englishmen are—should be so ignorant and so unjust seems to me to be a serious reflection both on our educational system and on the clarity and objectivity of our Press.

For what, when one comes to think of it, is the underlying and elementary fact about Formosa and, for that matter, about China itself. That but for the sacrifice of scores of thousands of American lives and an immense expenditure of American treasure and effort, both Formosa and China would lie to-day under the cruel heel of Japan. They were not liberated by the Chinese and they were certainly not liberated by the Russians who, *pace* our English Communists, merely stepped in after the Americans had done the fighting to seize as much power and plunder as they could in the vacuum created by the American victory.

That victory was one of the most remarkable in the whole of history. It came at the end of what was almost the hardest fought naval campaign ever recorded. I am one of those who think that the Americans have had perhaps rather more than their fair share of credit for their contribution to the defeat of Germany, great and glorious though that share was. I doubt, for instance, when the real history of the war comes to be written, whether any American commander in Europe will be seen as quite the equal in military capacity and achievement of our own three great Field Marshals, Alanbrooke, Montgomery and Alexander—two at least of whom, in my opinion, deserve to rank with Wellington, Lee, and Marlborough. Yet when one turns to the Pacific, the American claim to military and naval pre-eminence is unanswerable.

That wonderful campaign, fought from the dark days of Pearl Harbour and Corregidor to the final triumph in the isles around Japan, has never been surpassed and perhaps never equalled in human annals. Coral Sea and Midway, Guadalcanal and Bismarck Sea, Tarawa and Saipan, Guam and the Marianas, Leyte Gulf and Luzon, Iwo Jima and Okinawa, are names of battles won on land and sea against a fanatically brave enemy who fought literally to the death. The Americans showed wonderful skill, wonderful courage and wonderful organising and mechanical capacity. Their man-power, the bulk of which had been sent to Europe, was comparatively small, their use of it brilliant and daring in the extreme. MacArthur and Nimitz will take a permanent place among the names of the very greatest commanders in the history of war. Their strategic genius and imaginative vision saved countless lives and shortened the war in the East by many months. Thanks to them and the brave men they led, Japan was already defeated by the time the atom-bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Had the decision to drop the two bombs not been taken—and personally, though I deeply respect the sincerity of those who had to make that terrible decision, I have always deplored it—and had the Japanese in consequence refused to surrender, far more of them would probably have died of starvation than perished in the two nuclear explosions. Not even the campaign of Trafalgar was more decisive in its result as an exercise in the mastery and use of sea-power.

Why, therefore, in the name of common sense, justice and public morality, should the Americans, having liberated, at such a heavy price to themselves, the Pacific islands and China from the hideous tyranny of the Japanese warlords, now hand over control of any part of the former to the equally hideous tyranny of the little gang of Communist overlords who, with the help of the Kremlin, have gained control of China? If the Americans, like ourselves,

care to recognize the present *de facto* rulers of China as that country's legitimate Government, they are, of course, at liberty to do so; in that case there would be a *prima facie* case for their handing over Formosa to them. But as they don't, and as they recognize Chiang Kai-shek instead, I cannot see any reason either in international law or equity why they should allow the island to be seized by self-elected and aggressive mandarins whose only claim to the government of China is that they have seized it by force and with the help of a foreign Power. The Americans are much blamed by certain very vocal elements in this country, most of whom know no more of China than I do, for preferring Chiang Kai-shek to his present successors. But I cannot really see why. I hold no brief for Chiang Kai-shek and know nothing about him except that he used to be a very great hero to the spokesmen of the English Left and seems now to be a very great villain to them. The two alleged offences which appear to have brought about this change of view, so far as I am able to gather, are that he was tough with the Communists and that he and his associates were either themselves corrupt or connived at corruption. The first on the whole seems to be in his favour, for experience suggests that the only alternative to being tough with Communists is to let them have everything they ask for, and, in view of what

they ask for—which is absolute and ruthless power over their fellow creatures—the last is always a mistake. As for his being or having been corrupt or conniving at corruption, I am not in a position to judge. But in a comparative world, corruption would appear to be almost a virtue in that country. The present rulers of China, we are told, are not corrupt. There is no need for them to be. They merely take what they want by force and then keep it and, if anyone tries to stop them, they liquidate them, just as their co-religionists do in other Communist countries or, as they are called, People's Republics. That is why Communism as a form of government is so refreshingly free from corruption. Its high priests and practitioners never cheat or bribe or speculate. What, indeed, would be the point of their doing so? They just shoot and "liberate" whoever and whatever stands in their way. Hitler was incorruptible too. Chiang Kai-shek, it is alleged—contemptible bourgeois—is merely corrupt! If I were a Chinaman and had anything to lose,

I think I should prefer corruption to the kind of sea-green and incorruptible honesty that now prevails in Peking. For the latter is like the classic peace that reigned—and reigns—in Warsaw.

This, however, is neither here nor there. Our business is not to choose between Chinaman and Chinaman; but to decide whether our American ally—to us a most generous and staunch one—has a right to hold on to what he has sacrificed so much to win. He is getting nothing out of it except security from Communist tyranny for the peoples of the Pacific islands. On the contrary, he is making great sacrifices in order to give that security, just as he is making great sacrifices in Europe to help give security to the peoples of West Germany and Berlin and France and Italy and Scandinavia and the Low Countries and Britain. And if the freedom and security of America itself is comprised in the freedom that Americans so generously guard for others, only a very curmudgeonly champion of liberty would grudge it them. If the Americans, who won the island back from Japan, regard Formosa as essential to the preservation of themselves and others from the fanatical and murderous tyranny of those who invaded South Korea and who, like the Japanese, slew and tortured helpless American and British prisoners, we should allow them the right to be judges of what is their own affair. If the present rulers of China want Formosa they should first prove themselves capable of living peaceably with their fellow-men and of not maltreating and enslaving them. Until they are, any lover of real peace should not yield them an inch. And if anyone tells me that such an attitude will get us all blown to bits by atom-bombs, I can only reply that, if the world is to be run henceforward on the principle that anyone who threatens to murder and plunder his fellow creatures is to be allowed to do so because the consequences of preventing him would be disastrous, I for one would sooner be blown out of such a world and should see no point in preserving it.

THE CENTENARY OF THE CAMBRIDGE A.D.C.



FROM ONE OF THE SPECIAL PRODUCTIONS TO MARK THE CENTENARY OF THE CAMBRIDGE AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB: THE PLAY SCENE FROM "HAMLET," BEING PERFORMED IN THE A.D.C. THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE.

The production of "Hamlet," based on the First Quarto, at the A.D.C. Theatre, Cambridge, was the first of a series of events designed to mark the hundredth birthday of the A.D.C. Hamlet was played by Robin Chapman and the play was produced by Henry Burke. In its early years the A.D.C. was a social and rather light-hearted organisation, but with time it has turned its attention to more serious acting and more weighty productions; and now has its own theatre. Among the other centenary events are a Theatre Ball on February 21; a special matinée presented by Mr. Miles Malleson on June 12; a Club Dinner, probably in November; and two plays, not yet chosen, to be presented in the May and Michaelmas Terms. [Photograph reproduced by courtesy of "The Sketch."]

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THE RESULT OF THE DANISH SHIP *GERD MAERSK'S* BEING COMPELLED TO PUMP OUT 6000 TONS OF OIL: PART OF THE FLOATING SOLID MASS OF OIL.



THE WORK OF MERCY ON THE ENGLISH COAST: R.S.P.C.A. OFFICIALS INJECTING OILED SEA-BIRDS WITH AN INSTANTANEOUS PAINLESS LETHAL DRUG.

During recent storms the Danish ship *Gerd Maersk* ran aground in the mouth of the Elbe and had to discharge 6000 tons of crude oil. It formed a huge pool which floated on the sea and drifted ashore on the beaches of Fanoe, covering them with a 15-yard wide "carpet" of oil. The feathers of sea-birds became fouled and they died in thousands, their corpses being washed up on the beaches. In Denmark hundreds of soldiers and Home Guards attacked the oil with flame-throwers and bulldozers; and an animal ambulance was sent from Copenhagen to attempt to cleanse birds, and to destroy painlessly those which could not be freed. Many contaminated birds were picked up on the south coast of Britain, and officials of the R.S.P.C.A. were mobilised for the work of mercy. The oil was estimated to have spread over an area of some 10,000 square miles.

THE RESIGNATION OF STALIN'S SUCCESSOR.



RESIGNED ON FEBRUARY 8 AS CHAIRMAN OF THE COUNCIL OF MINISTERS OF THE SOVIET UNION: MR. G. MALENKOV.

Mr. Giorgi Maximilianovich Malenkov, who succeeded Stalin as Chairman of the Council of Ministers of the Soviet Union on the latter's death in March 1953, announced his resignation in a letter which was read by Mr. V. Latsis, Chairman of the Council of Nationalities, at a meeting of the Supreme Soviet in Moscow on February 8. The letter said that he was resigning because of "guilt" for the failure of the agriculture policy and his "lack of experience which has had a negative influence on work in the economic sphere."

STATELY AND HAPPY ROYAL OCCASIONS.



AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER THE STATE DINNER ON FEBRUARY 2: THE PRIME MINISTERS OF THE COMMONWEALTH WITH THEIR ROYAL HOSTESS, HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN. Our group shows (l. to r.), Sir Godfrey Huggins (Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland), Mr. Mohammed Ali (Pakistan), Mr. R. Menzies (Australia), Mr. Charles Swart (Minister of Justice, Union of South Africa, representing his Prime Minister), Sir Winston Churchill, Prime Minister of Great Britain, her Majesty, Mr. Sidney Holland (New Zealand), Mr. L. St. Laurent (Canada), Mr. Nehru (India) and Sir John Kotewala (Ceylon). The Queen sat between Mr. St. Laurent and Mr. Menzies at dinner.



A JOYFUL MOMENT AT HURST PARK: THE QUEEN, THE QUEEN MOTHER, THE JOCKEY, B. MARSHALL, AND THE TRAINER, MR. PETER CAZALET, AFTER DEVON LOCH'S WIN. The Queen and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother were at Hurst Park on February 5 to see the Queen Mother's *Devon Loch* win the New Century Steeplechase, and were obviously delighted by his victory, as this smiling photograph of the Royal ladies, with the jockey and the trainer in the unsaddling enclosure, shows.



THE DUKE OF KENT AT THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, SANDHURST: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS (THIRD FROM LEFT), WHO WAS PROMOTED JUNIOR UNDER-OFFICER FROM FEBRUARY 5, IN THE SOVEREIGN'S PARADE ON FEBRUARY 3, AT WHICH ADMIRAL LORD MOUNTBATTEN TOOK THE SALUTE, REPRESENTING HER MAJESTY AT THE MARCH PAST OF OFFICER CADETS.

PRINCESS MARGARET'S CARIBBEAN TOUR: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S YOUTHFUL GRACE WINS ALL HEARTS IN THE ISLAND OF TRINIDAD.



ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE CROWD AFTER SHE HAD MADE HER SPEECH AT THE CIVIC CENTRE, PORT OF SPAIN, ON FEBRUARY 3: PRINCESS MARGARET IN A PINK AND GREY DRESS.



PRINCESS MARGARET AT PIARCO AIRPORT, ON HER ARRIVAL IN TRINIDAD ON FEBRUARY 7: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS SHAKING HANDS WITH THE AIR HOSTESS WHO ATTENDED HER DURING THE FLIGHT FROM BRITAIN.



PRESENTATIONS TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS ON HER ARRIVAL IN TRINIDAD IN THE STRATOCRUISER "CANOPUS" ON FEBRUARY 1: THE PRINCESS WITH (LEFT) H.E. THE GOVERNOR OF TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO, SIR HUBERT RANCE.



ROYAL THANKS TO THE CREW OF THE STRATOCRUISER "CANOPUS," IN WHICH HER ROYAL HIGHNESS ENJOYED A COMFORTABLE FLIGHT: PRINCESS MARGARET EXPRESSING HER APPRECIATION TO CAPTAIN PETER FAIR.



THE STATE DRIVE THROUGH THE STREETS OF PORT OF SPAIN ON FEBRUARY 3: PRINCESS MARGARET STANDING UP IN HER CAR TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE ENTHUSIASTIC GREETINGS.

Princess Margaret's Caribbean tour, which opened with her five-day visit to Trinidad, has begun under the happiest of auspices. The youth and grace of the Royal visitor, her ease of manner and the excellence of her delivery when she has to make a speech, all roused the greatest enthusiasm; and the islanders were delighted that she expressed regret at paying so short a visit to Trinidad and delayed her flight to Teguado, on February 3 for half an hour so that she could make an aerial tour of Trinidad. The



SEATED NEXT TO H.E. THE GOVERNOR AT THE STATE DINNER ON FEBRUARY 3: PRINCESS MARGARET, IN EVENING DRESS, WEARING A TIARA AND DIAMOND NECKLACE.



GREETED BY A HUGE CROWD OF CHILDREN AND YOUNG PEOPLE AT SAN FERNANDO, THE ISLAND'S SECOND LARGEST TOWN, SITUATED 40 MILES FROM PORT OF SPAIN, AND THE CENTRE OF THE SUGAR AND OIL INDUSTRY: PRINCESS MARGARET IN TRINIDAD ON FEBRUARY 4.



REPLYING TO THE MAYOR'S ADDRESS OF WELCOME AT ARIMA RACE-COURSE: PRINCESS MARGARET DELIVERING HER EXCELLENT SPEECH. H.E. THE GOVERNOR, SIR HUBERT RANCE, IS SHOWN SEATED TO THE LEFT OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

Stratocruiser "Canopus" arrived exactly on time at Piarco Airport on February 1, and after the Princess had been greeted by H.E. the Governor of Trinidad and Tobago, and inspected the guard of honour, she thanked the crew of the "Canopus" in which she had travelled. After a flight of presentations were made to the Royal party, the Princess drove to the Arima Racecourse, where her Royal Highness received greetings from the Mayor, Councillor Raphael Chinaleong, who told her that Arima was proud

to be the only borough in the British Caribbean having a Royal Charter of incorporation, granted by Queen Victoria in 1888; listened to songs from schoolchildren and then proceeded to Government House for a quiet evening. On February 2, the Princess was entertained in residence at Government House. She saw a display of typical Trinidad carnival features, as she will not be in the island for the *Mardi Gras* Carnival—most famous holiday of Trinidad. On Thursday, February 3,

the events included a State drive through Port of Spain, during which tropical rain failed to dampen the enthusiasm of the crowds; a reception at the Civic Centre, a *Mac Chillon's* rally in Queen's Park, and a formal dinner at Government House. On February 4 the Princess went to San Fernando, the island's largest city, where she heard a young Negro girls' choir sing, saw Indian children give Scottish dances, and opened the new San Fernando Colonial Hospital.

SOME OF THE DOGS WHICH ATTRACTED A RECORD ATTENDANCE
THE WORLD'S GREATEST DOG SHOW, WHICH WAS



THE BEST GRIFFON BRUXELLOIS: MRS. E. STREET'S DOG, CH. SKIBBEREEN VICTOR OF CAMPFIELD. BORN JUNE 1950. BY CH. SKIBBEREEN BRANDAN—STARBRIGHT OF HONEYWICK.



THE BEST OF THE CAVALIER KING CHARLES SPANIELS: MRS. H. PILKINGTON'S DOG, HILLBARN GUICCI. BORN MAY 1953. BY CH. HEATHERSIDE ANDREW—CH. FELICITY OF HILLBARN.



THE BEST WIRE-HAIRED DACHSHUND: MR. D. J. HODGES' BITCH, CH. XEDMOUNT REFLAME CLARINO. BORN AUGUST 1949. BY CH. WYLDE CAPRICIE—DEMERAARA OF DOMS.



THE BEST OLD ENGLISH SHEEPDOG: MRS. L. C. NICOL'S DOG, EDDERICK OF SQUAREFOOT. BORN NOVEMBER 1952. BY GORDALE GREY GUARDSMAN—PRISCILLA OF SQUAREFOOT. BRED BY THE EXHIBITOR.



SUPREME CHAMPION AT CRUFT'S: MRS. A. PROCTOR'S MAGNIFICENT POODLE DOG, CH. TEIGANE AGRI OF NASHEND. BORN JULY 1949; AND BRED BY THE EXHIBITOR.



THE BEST LABRADOR RETRIEVER: DR. T. S. ACHESON'S BITCH, CH. BALLYDUFF WHATSTANDWELL ROWENA. BORN FEB. 1948. BY CH. WHATSTANDWELL BALLYDUFF ROBIN—SANDYLANDS JUNIE.



THE BEST BLOODHOUND: MR. E. C. LEWIS'S TEN-MONTH-OLD DOG, CORAL'S SON, WHICH WON THREE FIRST PRIZES, AND WAS BRED BY THE EXHIBITOR.



THE BEST GREAT DANE: MR. W. G. SUGGER'S DOG, CH. ELOU EDELL OF GUDROUGH. BORN APRIL 1951. THIS DOG WAS THE SUPREME CHAMPION IN 1953.

AT CRUFT'S: THE SUPREME CHAMPION AND OTHER WINNERS AT HELD AT OLYMPIA AND HAD A RECORD ENTRY.



THE BEST SMOOTH FOX-TERRIER: MR. H. JOHNSON'S DOG, CH. BROOKLANDS BLACK ACE. BORN NOVEMBER 1952. BY CH. BROOKLANDS LUCKY WISBONE—BROOKLANDS BLACK TULIP.



THE BEST WEST HIGHLAND WHITE TERRIER: MRS. C. M. KIRBY'S BITCH, SLITRIO SOLITAIRE. BORN SEPTEMBER 1953. BY CH. FURSEFIELD PILGRIM—SLITRIO BEQUIN.



THE BEST ITALIAN GREYHOUND: MRS. R. RIELEY'S BITCH, GOLDEN ARROW OF VELLETAL. BORN MAY 1953. BY POLO OF GOBLINGREES—AGNESINA SAVELLI. BRED BY MRS. MASSEY-COKE.



RESERVE BEST IN SHOW: MRS. L. K. MOORE'S PEMBROKE WELSH CORGI BITCH, KAYTOP MARACAS MIST. BORN JULY 1952; AND BRED BY MRS. THORNCROFT.



WINNER OF THE CRUFT'S CUP FOR THE BEST HOUND, TERRIER OR TOY, AND BEST-IN-SHOW ON THE FIRST DAY: MISS J. MILSTON'S BORZOI BITCH, MELBA OF QUERNMORE. BORN SEPTEMBER 1952.



THE BEST BEAGLE: LIEUT.COLONEL W. J. BOSTOCK'S DOG, CH. LIMBOURNE PLUNDER. BORN DECEMBER 1946. BY LIMBOURNE PIIFORM—CH. LIMBOURNE VIOLET.



THE BEST BULLDOG: MR. JOHN BARNARD'S BITCH, CH. NOWATS CHUCKLES. BORN OCTOBER 1951. BY CH. PRINCE OF WOODGATE PIIFORM—CH. LIMBOURNE VICTORIA.



THE BEST YORKSHIRE TERRIER: MISS A. E. PALMER'S BITCH, PANIS OF WINPAL. BORN JANUARY 1953. BY CH. ESKOPWIC ENYOT OF TADNUM—PAMELA OF WINPAL.

Cruft's Show, the most famous dog show in the world, which was held at Olympia on Feb. 4 and 5, had a record number of 6127 dogs, making an entry of 11,869. It was the 59th Cruft's Show, and the sixth under Kennel Club direction. The 1954 Show had to be called off because of the strikes at Olympia. On the first day, when hounds, terriers and toys were judged, the best-in-show award went to a Borzoi bitch, *Melba* of *Quernmore*, owned by Miss J. Milton, near Lancaster. The runner-up was a Pomeranian, *Culwyn's Toy Drum Major*, owned by Mrs. O. Butterly, of Guisborough, Yorkshire. On the second day, which was devoted

to non-sporting and Gundogs, three judges chose a five-and-a-half-year-old Standard poodle dog, *Ch. Teigane Agri* of *Nashend*, owned by Mrs. A. Proctor, of Walton-on-Thames, as the best of the day. The runner-up was a Pembroke Corgi bitch, *Kaytop Maracas Mist*, owned by Mrs. L. K. Moore, of Sevenoaks, Middlesex. When these two met the previous day's champion, *Pamela* of *Winpal*, judged by the Supreme Champion of the Show, and the Corgi reserve best in show. At this year's Cruft's there was a great deal of interest in the obedience display, which was raised for the first time to championship status. Dogs were judged on the first day,

when Miss H. D. Horner's Alsatian Shepherd, *Spiral Gold* was the winner, and on the second day, devolved to the judges of bitches, another Alsatian, *Della of Giffon*, owned by Mr. W. J. Spencer, won first prize. The judge on both days was Mr. George Sly, of Meopham, Kent, a great expert and a practical trainer himself. The dogs competing had all won Obedience Certificates at other shows during 1954. The most popular extra dogs are Miniature Poodles, Pekingese, Corgi Spaniels, Bassets and Corgis. But the five most popular breeds shown at Cruft's were (also in order) Cocker Spaniels, Alsatians, Miniature Poodles, Pekingese and Labrador

Retriever. The sale of pedigree dogs is becoming increasingly important as a dollar-earning export, and last year British breeders exported 3218 dogs. Of these, 1716 went to the United States, an increase of 15 per cent. over the previous year. As Cruft's is the greatest dog show in the world, so the winners of first prizes can command large prices abroad. Since Charles Cruft staged his first show in London in 1860 with 60 dogs, this event has become increasingly popular with the public who, this year, broke all previous records with an attendance figure of more than 50,000 for the two days.

THE CASE FOR THE PROSECUTION.

"LAWRENCE OF ARABIA: A BIOGRAPHICAL ENQUIRY"; By RICHARD ALDINGTON.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"A BIOGRAPHICAL ENQUIRY": that phrase suggests something calm, cool and judicious; but as a sub-title for Mr. Aldington's new book about T. E. Lawrence "The Case for the Prosecution" would be more suitable. It seems, indeed, that that has been recognized in the French edition, which is called "Lawrence the Impostor." In fairness to him it must be said that he did not apparently set out on



T. E. LAWRENCE, LAWRENCE OF ARABIA, WHO WAS BORN IN 1888 AND WAS KILLED IN A MOTOR-CYCLE ACCIDENT IN 1935.

his task with the deliberate intention of savage "debunking." "You will remember," he addresses a friend, "how startled I was when you suggested that I should gratify your admiration for a hero by writing a life of Lawrence of Arabia. I pointed out my unfitness for the task, the enormous amount of work involved, my lack of enthusiasm for military heroes, and above all the fact that Lawrence's life has been written over and over again. What more would there be to say?" The friend urged that a new appraisal was due, and reminded him that when he undertook a life of the Duke of Wellington he had found him "a far more interesting and attractive character than I had expected." That life of Wellington was a very good book and it was pleasant to notice the honesty with which the author allowed his prejudices to be overcome by the noble qualities of his subject. This time Mr. Aldington's mind has moved, with a vengeance, in the opposite direction.

He intended the biography for which his friend asked; but as he proceeded he became convinced that from a very early date Lawrence practised "a systematic falsification and over-valuing of himself and his achievements" and that "in other words the national hero turned out at least half a fraud." That conviction acquired, he set about reading every sort of available document, foreign as well as English, which might illuminate his thesis. Some of his charges are trivial. He knits his brows over harmless little flippancies; he solemnly proves that Lawrence can't have read the 50,000 books in the Oxford Union Library in six years; and he is elaborate about a pedal-cycle with which Lawrence toured France. "Those," he says, "who have come to realize Lawrence's irresistible propensity to dramatize his exploits and advertise himself will not be surprised to know that he circulated a very quotable little story about this bicycle which has been vouched for by his friends. Thus, Vyvyan Richards says Lawrence had a 'light

little racing bicycle, which was built by Lord Nuffield when plain Mr. Morris at Oxford. The two of them put their heads together to perfect the design." Towards the end of his life Lawrence told Canon Hall that "the diminutive bicycle, specially built for him by Lord Nuffield's own hands for his first wanderings across France, had been stolen outside All Souls." And Professor A. W. Lawrence speaks of his brother's "bicycle, a three-speed machine with one unusually high gear, built to his order in a shop at Oxford by Mr. Morris, who subsequently became famous in the motor industry." Unfortunately for this story Lord Nuffield assured David Garnett that he "gave up making bicycles before 1900."

Where Mr. Aldington is most interesting is where he is retracing the history of the "Arab Revolt." What he is chiefly debunking here is not so much Lawrence as the Revolt itself. With considerable elaboration and use of sources he sets out to prove that the scale and value of the whole campaign have been grotesquely over-assessed by Lawrence's biographers and the public. It was a small and expensive affair (Lawrence himself once called it "the side-show of a side-show"), and except for the original Hashemite nucleus, in Arabia proper, not an Arab showed the slightest signs of rising against the Turks until Allenby had won his great victory and all was over bar the shouting. The great "Arab sweep" was a sweep against no resistance and the towns were occupied with similar ease. It must be remembered, however, that the legend was not officially discouraged. Lord Allenby, by the way, is quoted as being undecided as to how much charlatan there was in Lawrence. He didn't take that line in his obituary speech on the wireless.

There are many people alive who knew Lawrence, some of them very well: soldiers, politicians, archaeologists, men-of-letters, artists. I wonder if any single one of them will find in this book anything but a very partial and distorted picture of the man they knew. Here and there Mr. Aldington does slip in a few lines admitting some of Lawrence's great qualities, but on the whole the book resembles a great pile of hostile evidence accumulated by a very industrious sleuth determined on getting a conviction, and the

great ambition with dislike of personal publicity, and that to disappear for years into the ranks is rather a prolonged form of posing. He is charged with callousness and ruthlessness: he certainly saw foul things done during the Arab Campaign and described them with appalling frankness. But it does not seem to occur to the author that an aesthete like Lawrence, suddenly forced into a life of violent action, may be constrained to steel his mind, as Lawrence habitually steeled his body, often to the point of self-torture, against a natural indolence.

Had he never become Colonel Lawrence and been made the subject of an almost unparalleled boosting campaign it is doubtful if he would ever have been



MR. RICHARD ALDINGTON, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Aldington, who was born in 1892, was educated at Dover College and London University; and served in World War I. from 1916-18. He is the author of a large number of books, his first, "Images, Old and New," was published in 1915. He was awarded the James Tait Black memorial prize for his biography of Wellington, which was published in 1946. Mr. Aldington, who lives in the South of France, is at present working on a biography of Norman Douglas.



MR. ALDINGTON WRITES: "THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF LAWRENCE, BY MR. CHASE IN THOMAS'S WITH LAWRENCE IN ARABIA, ARE CAREFULLY POSED STUDIES, AND WERE TAKEN EITHER IN JERUSALEM, CAIRO OR POSSIBLY GUWEIRA."

Illustrations from the book "Lawrence of Arabia: A Biographical Enquiry"; by courtesy of the publisher, Collins.

accused of being half a fraud. The natural man, in 1914, was looking forward to a series of new "digs" to follow Hittite Carchemish, and he was proud, even had he never had a war to chronicle, to have become a

writer of some sort—his critical insight into the art of writing English prose was excelled by no man I have ever known. The war, and its sequel of limelight, brought him great tensions, though they did not show in his normal demeanour.

To Mr. Aldington he was a quivering mass of tensions. And he is ready with what he thinks is an adequate explanation for them. His father, who had assumed the name of Lawrence, was really an Anglo-Irish baronet named Chapman, who after having four daughters by his legal wife had five sons by another woman, and we are asked to believe that the humiliation of this haunted and crippled Lawrence all his days. I don't believe a word of it. I doubt whether Mr. Aldington would have ever met Lawrence; and I doubt whether, had he known him, he would have been quite immune

from his charm and basic frankness.

Mr. Aldington's honest intentions are evident, and his analyses of operations careful and interesting; but the spectacle of that continuously accusing finger becomes tiresome.



REPRESENTED IN ARAB DRESS WITH HIS HEAD RESTING ON A CAMEL SADDLE: LAWRENCE OF ARABIA—A DETAIL FROM THE MONUMENTAL EFFIGY BY HIS FRIEND, ERIC KENNINGTON, IN ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH AT WAREHAM, IN DORSET, WHERE LAWRENCE IS BURIED. This photograph does not appear in the book which is reviewed on this page.

reaction of anyone who knew Lawrence is bound to be: "This is not the man." Not all the accusations of untruthfulness are, I think, proven; and where he is suspected of supplying various writers with various versions of a story Mr. Aldington seems unaware of a certain puckishness in him which gave him a relish for leg-pulling. Accusing him of wholesale self-advertisement, he is blind to the fact that a man may unite

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 292 of this issue.



A GREAT PAINTER AND SUPERB DRAUGHTSMAN: MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN, O.M., R.A.—THE SECOND LIVING ARTIST TO BE HONOURED BY A RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The genius of Mr. Augustus John, O.M., R.A., who on January 4 reached the age of seventy-seven, is universally acknowledged. In March last year a retrospective exhibition of his work was held in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy—an honour only previously accorded to one other living artist, Sir Frank Brangwyn, in 1952. Mr. John studied at the Slade School, where his amazing genius as a draughtsman was immediately recognised, and indeed Sir John Rothenstein has stated that "Before he was twenty he had become the first draughtsman in England." During the course of his long life, Mr. John has painted landscapes with figures, pure landscapes, still-life and flower pictures, and monumental compositions, but his chief concern has always been with portraiture. His small paintings of figures in a landscape and his studies of

children are among his most beautiful works. He has always been attracted by gypsy subjects and has painted many scenes of Romany life and portraits of Romany folk. When he was in Liverpool in 1901 teaching art he sought models among the nomads of the docks. He was elected A.R.A. in 1921, R.A. in 1928. He resigned and was re-elected in 1940; and the O.M. was conferred on him in 1942. He writes vivid and racy prose, and his autobiography, "Chiaroscuro," was published in 1952. Summing up Augustus John's achievements in his book, "Modern English Painters," Sir John Rothenstein wrote as follows: ". . . in his inspired moments no living British painter so nearly approaches the grandeur and radiance of vision, the understanding of the human drama or the power of hand and eye of the great masters of the past."

Exclusive Portrait Study by Karsh of Ottawa.

DUTCH ART IN NORTH AMERICA: PAINTINGS FROM A LOAN EXHIBITION.



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WOMAN"; BY AERT DE GELDER (1645-1727). PAINTED C. 1690. (Canvas; 26 by 21 ins.) (Chicago, The Art Institute. Wirt D. Walker Coll.)



"STILL-LIFE WITH A NAUTILUS CUP"; BY WILLEM KALF (1619-1693), A STUDENT OF HENDRIK POT. (Canvas; 31½ by 25½ ins.) (Mr. H. E. ten Cate, Holland.)



"YOUNG GIRL AT AN OPEN DOOR"; BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN (1606-1669). (Canvas; 40½ by 34½ ins.) (Chicago, The Art Institute. Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Ryerson Coll.)



"PEASANTS ON THE SHORE"; BY PHILIPS WOUVERMANS (1619-1668). SIGNED LOWER RIGHT, PHILSW. (Canvas; 27½ by 44 ins.) (Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Sweat.)



"VIEW OF ARNHEM ON THE RHINE"; BY JAN VAN GOYEN (1596-1656). SIGNED AND DATED BOTTOM CENTRE, J. GOYEN 1646. (Panel; 38 by 53½ ins.) (Mr. H. E. ten Cate, Holland.)



"VIEW IN THE GARDENS OF THE OLD PALACE AT BRUSSELS"; BY JAN VAN DER HEYDEN (1637-1712). SIGNED BOTTOM RIGHT, JVDH. (Panel; 18½ by 22 ins.) (Mr. Fritz Markus, New York.)

On this and the facing page we reproduce paintings from a loan exhibition of "Dutch Painting: The Golden Age," which opened, under the patronage of the Queen of the Netherlands, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, on October 28, 1954; on January 5, 1955, moved to the Museum of

Art, Toledo, Ohio; and is being shown in Toronto, Canada, before closing on March 25. The exhibits have been lent from public galleries and private collections in Europe and the United States. The paintings by Aert de Gelder and Rembrandt reproduced are not being shown in Toronto.

ASPECTS OF DUTCH ART AT ITS APEX: WORKS EXHIBITED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



"THE TAILOR SHOP"; BY QUIRYN BREKELENKAM (1620-1668). SIGNED AND DATED LOWER RIGHT, QB 1653. (Canvas; 23½ by 33½ ins.) (Art Museum, Worcester, U.S.)



"LOVE SCENE"; BY JAN STEEN (1626-1679). SIGNED ON BALCONY AT RIGHT J. STEEN. PAINTED C. 1670. (Panel; 11½ by 19½ ins.) (Mr. H. Kohn, The Hague.)



"FASHIONABLE COURTSHIP"; BY WILLEM BUYTEWECH (1591-2-1624). PAINTED C. 1616. (Canvas; 22 by 27½ ins.) (The Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam.)



"THE PORTUGUESE-JEWISH CEMETERY AT OUDEKERK"; BY JACOB VAN RUISDAEL (1629-1682). PAINTED C. 1660-70. (Canvas; 56 by 74½ ins.) (Institute of Art, Detroit.)



"CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, 'S HERTOGENBOSCH"; BY PIETER SAENREDAM (1597-1665). SIGNED AND DATED 1646. (Panel; 50½ by 34½ ins.) (Samuel H. Kress Foundation, New York.)

The paintings which we reproduce on this and the facing page are from the remarkable Loan Exhibition of Dutch Art, "The Golden Age," which has been arranged for showing in turn at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, the Toledo Museum of Art, Ohio, and the Art Gallery of Toronto. Through the generosity of private owners and museums in Europe and North America, a collection of splendid works of the seventeenth century, the period of the great flowering of art in the Netherlands, has been assembled. Every aspect of the painting of the Dutch artists of that time is represented—the splendid portraits; the scenes of sunburnt rustic merriment, and of bourgeois luxury; the still life subjects; the unrivalled flower paintings and the marine views and landscapes; and somewhat austere but noble church interiors; the glimpses of neat towns and rich houses set in well-laid-out gardens—and all by works of outstanding quality. Writing in the introduction to the catalogue, Mr. Theodore Rousseau, Jnr., Curator of Paintings at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, notes

a number of interesting points in connection with the art of the Low Countries in the seventeenth century. He writes: "The new, middle-class patrons of the arts who had replaced the State and the church, determined the size of pictures... The Dutch businessmen lived in comparatively small houses which could not accommodate large canvases, and so the easel picture became the prevalent form for Dutch painting. The patrons owed their position in the world to their grasp of realities and to their material possessions. Their taste in art was for the faithful, objective rendering of the familiar aspects of the life around them. They had an almost reverent feeling for the landscape of the country which they had so recently regained possession of, for the sea which was so important to them, for the cities they were building and for the worldly possessions which they were now able to acquire. The painstaking, loving care with which the pictures of the period are painted and the spiritual feeling with which the most familiar and ordinary objects are frequently imbued, result from this attitude."

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

AMNESTY IN KENYA.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

IT is two years and four months since a state of emergency, conferring on the authorities special powers which would normally be illegal, was declared in Kenya. In this country at that time a handful, only a handful, realised how serious the situation was and how stubborn a struggle for the re-establishment of order and peace lay ahead. The public has since become better informed and knows—or is in a position to know, if it takes the trouble to read—that the danger was actually greater than those few experts themselves could divine. The Mau Mau terrorist campaign had to be developed before its instigators and planners were half-ready. What would it have amounted to if the state of emergency had been delayed? The experts themselves, though their knowledge induced them to speak cautiously and even, as it seemed to others, pessimistically, in October 1952, did not expect a struggle as long as that which followed, a struggle which even now is far from being at an end.

In the period since the declaration of the state of emergency the number of terrorists killed is now approaching the figure of 8000. By comparison, the number of surrenders is trifling—well under a thousand. Nearly 800 have been hanged, over two-thirds of these for offences under the emergency not involving murder and not normally punishable by death; the rest for murder. The murders of Europeans have naturally occupied a large amount of room in the Press, but they have not been numerous. It may not generally be realised that the figure is as low as thirty. Doubtless, Europeans are better able than Africans to protect themselves, but this figure of itself suffices to show that the main weight of the terrorism has not been directed against the European community. Figures given for the number of Africans murdered also look smaller than might be expected. They are, indeed, hardly worth recording, because they take no account of murders of which no trace has been discovered but which the evidence of Africans suggests have been numerous.

The recent offer of an amnesty has caused comment and criticism. An amnesty for revolt, say the hostile critics, can be defended and may be necessary in such circumstances, but a dangerous precedent is established if it be extended to cover crime. The problem is always difficult. Theoretically, all should be treated alike, and offences involving thousands should be subjected to no lighter penalties than those involving tens. Actually, as we know, when great numbers make a nuisance of themselves, either legally or illegally, they are given greater consideration than would be given to individuals and get away with actions which individuals would suffer for. Here there can be no question of any form of "belligerent rights" because great care has been taken not to treat the suppression of terrorism as being in the nature of warfare or even to talk of it as such. Nevertheless, an offer has been made which would not have been put forward to a handful of terrorists.

General Sir George Erskine, who has been directing the operations against Mau Mau, and has just reached the end of his tenure of this appointment, said at the end of January that he thought it a good time to make another surrender offer. With that few will disagree; it has been the terms, not the offer itself, which have been condemned so heartily in Kenya and by some voices in this country. My own view is that the moral factor enters the subject to a very small extent. It is a question of expediency. The danger is that other people who are wavering between illegal activity and quiescence may decide that this precedent lessens their risks if they adopt the former alternative, and that a time will always come when they can make their submission on relatively easy terms. I do not consider on balance that the offer is to be condemned on this score. What is much more disquieting is that, up to the time of writing, it seems to have brought in a disappointingly small number of surrenders. There may be an improvement later, but at the moment the experiment looks a failure.

I have spoken of the length of the struggle and of the fact that we can, as yet, see no end to it. This fact has naturally been found depressing in Kenya and in Britain alike. Many have asked whether the

effort has not been concentrated to too great an extent on suppression by pure force, whether that can ever produce anything but the partial result of a sullen pacification, and whether statesmanship cannot achieve something more imaginative in the field of welfare, both moral and material. I feel that this criticism is somewhat unfair. For a long time ideas have been swarming about the subject, and schemes have been plentiful. One warning applies to every one of them: they ought not to appear to offer to people who have caused disturbance and death, benefits which it would be too costly to distribute widely, so that the well-behaved will not get them. No welfare schemes, even if desirable in themselves, should give rise to the reflection: "This is the reward of terrorism." It is a problem similar to that of surrender, but far more serious.

Kenya differs from other colonial settlements in East and West Africa of the present or the past. It is a colony in the true sense of the word. In what has come to be known as "the White Highlands" there is a large British community which has settled down and established close links with the soil. This district has become home for the majority of its settlers. It is not a place where they go to earn a living and from which they return on retirement. Generation succeeds

House of Commons at the end of last year and which the newspaper's Nairobi correspondent reported had been severely criticised. He urges that land ownership in Kenya should cease to be a politico-racial problem and become an agrarian one. In other words, it should be made possible for Africans to enter "the White Highlands" as landowners—he balances his proposal by suggesting that his scheme

should apply to some other areas, such as the Masai Reserve, in an opposite sense. The proposal is that the Government should be given the power to purchase land from willing sellers and grant tenancies "to people capable . . . of developing that land in accordance with recognised standards of good husbandry." He states that land is at present sterilised by the maintenance of racial and tribal boundaries. His plan would not, he points out, involve expropriation.

He is an indefatigable traveller and a diligent investigator whose views deserve respect. How far such a measure would contribute to stabilise the country is not easy to decide. It seems doubtful whether many Africans are at present sufficiently advanced in agricultural science to develop this land in accordance with recognised standards of good husbandry. All right, will say those who support the project, this is a situation which can be remedied. It would not, however, make a quick start in stabilisation. We must also ask ourselves whether the scheme would not lead to pressure to get Africans into "the White Highlands" as owners at all costs, and if so what would be the reactions of the European community. I do not know on how big a scale the scheme could be worked, because I am unable at the moment to obtain statistics showing the number of "willing sellers." I should also like to see some evidence that the effort demanded from the European community in resisting change in the conception of these lands is too heavy a demand upon "their relatively limited resources."

A wider consideration remains. How far would it be desirable, for the future of Kenya as a whole, as well as of that of the European community, to introduce an expanding African element into these lands? Even if the sellers were willing, it is improbable that the community would be. When the Jews bought land in Palestine the Arab sellers were willing and were pretty well paid. The transactions, however, led, in the long run, to discontent among the Arabs, increased hatred between the two races, and finally to a revolutionary climax, as the result of which many thousands of Arabs who were not willing sellers were driven out without payment from their lands and now live in the miserable camps with which Mr. Alport is familiar. The situation differs, of course, in the two countries. Yet there

seems to be a certain likeness between the trends which were set in motion in Palestine and might be set in motion in Kenya. There was a British scuttle from Palestine. There was an abandonment of a mandate under which Britain had as much, or almost as much, responsibility for the people of the country as if they had been citizens of the Commonwealth.

These are questions—hostile questions, it may be thought—but they are not meant to be condemnatory. A Royal Commission on land and population is due to report this spring. While it is useless to prophesy what recommendations it will make or how closely they will approach that of Mr. Alport, it can be taken for granted that his and kindred suggestions will come under review. Much remains to be investigated in other directions. For example, some critics have recently declared that native agriculture is not, in all cases, as wasteful and unsatisfactory as has been asserted, and that sometimes methods imposed by Europeans have been more faulty than those they are intended to correct. Then there is the question of birth control. I may have an opportunity of reviewing the whole subject after the publication of the report, which will not be confined to Kenya. Long as terrorism has flourished and hard as it will be to eradicate it, it has certainly been weakened, and this process will, it is hoped, be continuous. All the more reason that action, other than forcible, should be taken simultaneously and begin as soon as possible. I end with a certain misgiving about Mr. Alport's scheme.



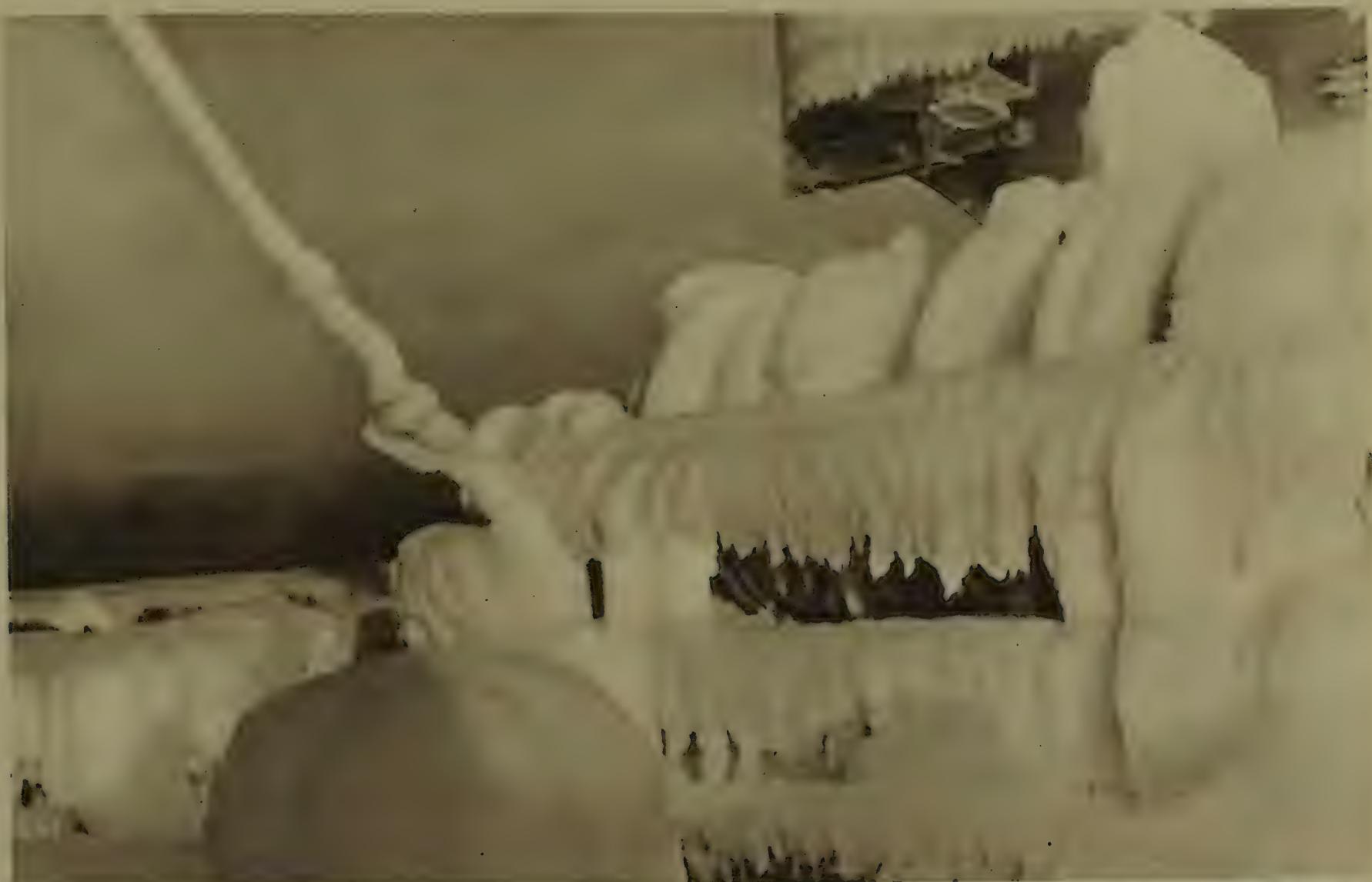
EMULATING THE FEATS OF THE "FLYING BEDSTEAD": THE AMERICAN BELL V.T.O.L. (VERTICAL TAKE-OFF AND LANDING) EXPERIMENTAL AIRCRAFT IN FLIGHT DURING TESTS NEAR NIAGARA FALLS.

The Bell Aircraft Corporation of Buffalo, U.S.A., announced on February 3 that it had manufactured, at a cost of about £180,000, an aircraft which can take-off and land vertically as well as horizontally, and had been flown successfully more than twenty times. It is fitted with two small Fairchild J.44 jet engines mounted on an axle at each side of the fuselage. Instead of being fixed and directing their jet streams downwards as in the Rolls-Royce "Flying Bedstead," the Bell engines can be turned from a vertical position to a horizontal one for normal level flight. The aircraft has a compressed air system which ejects air streams at the wing-tips and tail to give the pilot control during take-off and landing. 21 ft. long, with a wing span of 26 ft., it weighs about 2000 lb. It has no wheels and carries only the pilot in an open cockpit. On pages 278 and 279 of this issue we reproduce drawings by Our Special Artist which show the advances made in this form of flight.

generation. No British Government of Left or Right which can at present be envisaged can desert these settlers, though it might adopt measures which would be unwelcome to them. Their future must be a matter of the deepest concern, and schemes for the future of Kenya in general must not lose sight of it. There are, of course, many birds of passage and a few absentee landlords, but the essential nature of the matter is that Kenya contains an important British colony.

Kenya is becoming crowded, not measured by the relation of population, white or native or Indian, to acreage, but on the basis of population to land suitable for cultivation. The African population has increased and is pressing on the means of subsistence. The European settlers are often accused of having wrung the best country from the hands of its original inhabitants. In fact, the lands on which they sat down were, for the most part, unworked and largely uninhabited. This does not, however, alter the fact that these lands, by the fact that they are possessed by Europeans, have to a considerable extent become barriers to the spreading-out of the native population and that they are now coveted by Africans. It may be accepted as axiomatic that there should be no question of dispossessing the British colonists. If this is a platitude, it is one which is effectively denied in certain extremist appreciations of the subject.

In a letter in *The Times* of January 29, Mr. C. J. M. Alport returns to some proposals which he made in the



WITH THE MAIN WINCH COMPLETELY ICED UP, SO THAT TRAWLING IS IMPOSSIBLE: A STRIKING ILLUSTRATION OF A VESSEL FACING ONE OF THE GRIM HAZARDS OF THE ARCTIC, WHICH MAY HAVE CAUSED THE TRAGIC LOSS, WITH ALL HANDS, OF THE HULL TRAWLERS RODERIGO AND LORELLA.



SHOWING HOW THE RAILS HAVE BEEN BUILT UP TO A SOLID WALL OF ICE: A VIEW OF AN ICED-UP SHIP FROM THE FORE-DECK, LOOKING AFT, TAKEN AFTER AN ARCTIC STORM. ICING UP—ONE OF THE DEADLY PERILS OF TRAWLING IN THE ARCTIC: A VESSEL COATED WITH TONS OF ICE FORMED BY FROZEN SPRAY, WHICH LESSENS HER STABILITY AND MAY CAUSE HER TO CAPSIZE.

The perils of trawling in the Arctic have been forcibly brought home by the loss on January 26 with all hands of the *Roderigo* and the *Lorella*, north of Iceland. The skipper of the *Kingston Zircon*, which went through the same Arctic gale, but a hundred miles more to the south, attributed the disaster to an icy wind rather than to "black frost." Dr. Nial Reynolds, who took the photographs on this page after a storm in the Arctic, explains that as the waves break against the

ship, spray is flung over the decks and rigging, and if the air temperature is below zero, the spray freezes as it strikes and builds up a layer of ice. Many tons of ice may collect, and as it is all above water-level it lessens the stability of the ship and may cause her to capsize. Lifeboats cannot be launched when the ship is coated with ice. After the storm which caused the icing in our photographs there was a calm, sunny day, so some ice could be chipped off.



FIG. 1. THE OUTSTANDING EGYPTOLOGICAL DISCOVERY OF 1954: THE FUNERARY BOAT OF CHEOPS, SHOWN IN A MOSAIC OF PHOTOGRAPHS COVERING ALMOST THE

ENTIRE LENGTH OF THIS UNIQUE VESSEL. AN OBLIQUE VIEW OF THE REMAINDER CAN BE SEEN IN FIG. 5. THE BOAT WOULD SEEM TO BE MORE THAN 120 FT. LONG.



FIG. 2. LIFTING ONE OF THE GREAT BLOCKS OF LIMESTONE, REPORTED TO WEIGH ABOUT 17 TONS. THE INSCRIPTION SHOWN IN FIG. 4 IS TO THE RIGHT OF THE DARK MARKINGS.



FIG. 4. INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE QUARRYMAN OF 5000 YEARS AGO TO THE BUILDER OF THE BOAT-TRough. THE HIEROGLYPHS ARE FULLY EXPLAINED IN THE TEXT BELOW.



FIG. 5. THE SHELTER BUILT OVER THE BOAT-TRough. IN THE BACKGROUND STANDS THE SMALL PYRAMID OF ONE OF CHEOPS' QUEENS, PROBABLY THAT OF QUEEN HENUTSEN.

UNCOVERING THE UNIQUE FUNERARY BOAT OF CHEOPS

PREVIOUS reports of the discovery of the boat-troughs beside the Great Pyramid of Cheops—a unique discovery—have appeared in our issues of June 5, June 19 and December 4 of 1954, and the photographs we reproduce above may be considered as a progress report on the delicate business of uncovering the boat revealed in the first of the stone troughs discovered last May. As I have previously indicated, the length of the boat-troughs, as Fig. 5 shows, is not all the covering blocks have been removed at the time of the photograph. The end shown at the right of Fig. 1 would seem to be the stern, since the steering oar (with its deck loop) lies nearer that



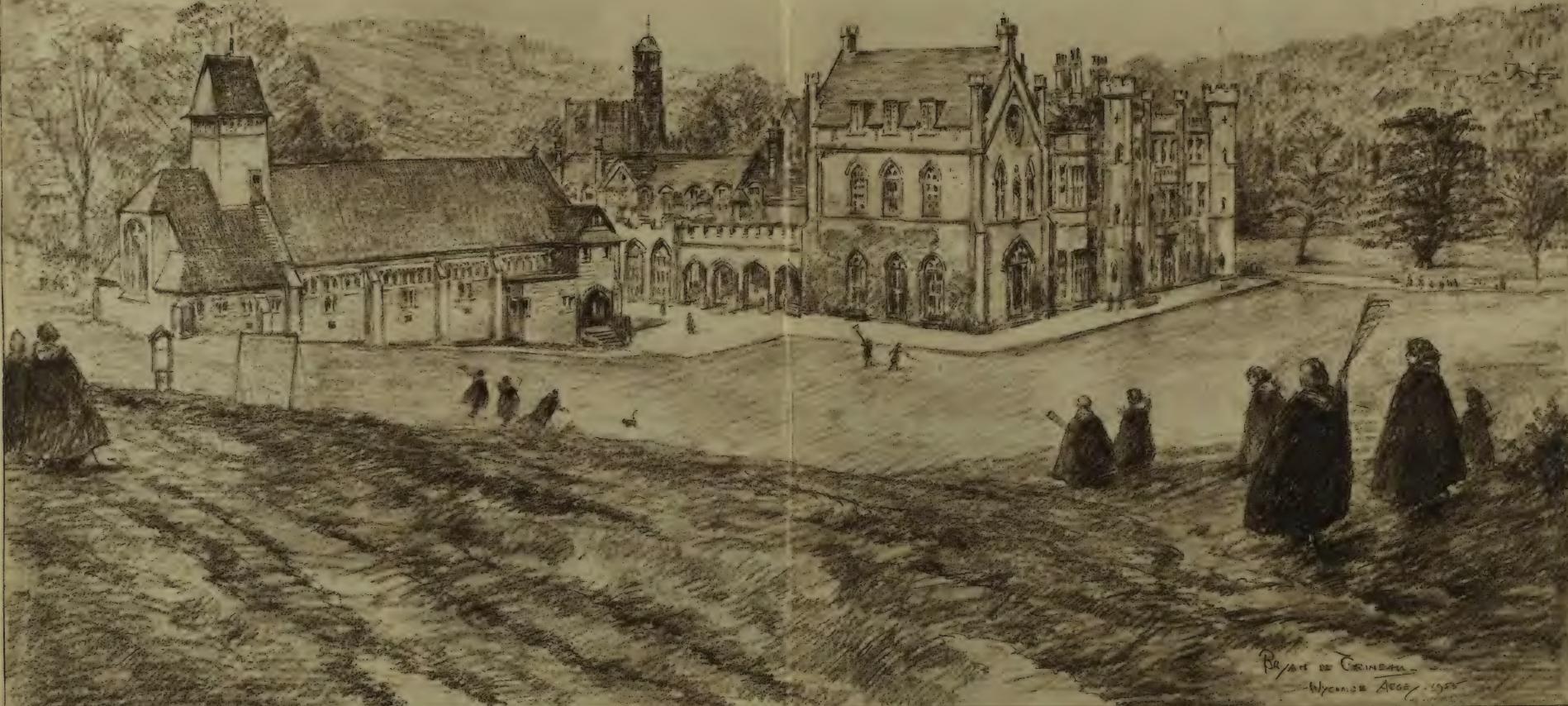
FIG. 5. AN OBLIQUE VIEW OF THE FUNERARY BOAT TOWARDS THE BOW, WHICH COMPLETES THE PANORAMA OF FIG. 1. THE FAR END IS STILL COVERED WITH STONE BLOCKS.

CHEOPS: A PROGRESS REPORT ON ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING MODERN EGYPTOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES.

end. The deck boards appear to have been put in higgledy-piggledy, since some are the wrong way round, and some, judging by the battens, are upside-down. Traces of reed-matting lie across them, however, and it is suggested that the original funerary (what we may call the "prow" to us) was lowered into the hull, the deck boards were put back quite roughly to protect them, and then the whole thing made apparently shipshape with reed mats covering the decking. From the position of the "reed-bundle" (final (extreme right), it looks as though the ship was too long for the trough and the prow was cut off and tucked in at the side. The inscription found on the



end of one of the covering blocks (Fig. 4) is interesting. It is claimed by some that the block measures 100 ft. but this is improbable. The remainder is reasonably clear and made (in columns downwards and from left to right): Height, cubits one, palms three; width, cubits two, palms four; length, cubits eight, palms two. This may be calculated as: height 2 ft. 6 ins.; width 4 ft. 5 ins.; and length, 14 ft. 3 ins. An accurate description of the block, presumably put on by the quarryman for the information of the clerk of the works when the trough was being built 5000 years ago. The investigation of the boat itself may well prove a delicate operation.



CELEBRATING ITS DIAMOND JUBILEE NEXT YEAR: WYCOMBE ABBEY—A FAMOUS GIRLS' PUBLIC SCHOOL

In the heart of a 250-acre estate in the Chilterns, only a stone's throw from High Wycombe and twenty-five miles from London and Oxford, stands Wycombe Abbey, a famous girls' public school, which celebrates its diamond jubilee next year. On these and following pages we show impressions by our artist, Bryan de Grineau, of this large and well-known school. On these pages the main Abbey building, with

its south-eastern frontage to "the level," can be seen. Here are libraries and house studies with dormitories above. To the left is the chapel, with the cloisters, on to which open the long windows of the fine staff room. "Big School" and the teaching block lie behind, surmounted by the clock tower. Wycombe Abbey was given its name by Lord Carrington when he bought the estate from Lord Shelburne

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED

AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE MAIN BUILDINGS, WHICH STAND IN A LARGE ESTATE IN THE CHILTERNs.

in 1798 and had the house rebuilt in the Gothic style by James Wyatt. The school was founded in 1896 by Dame Frances Dove, who resigned her headmistresship of St. Leonard's School, at St. Andrews, Fife, to realise her dream of establishing a great public school for girls in England. The traditions which she established are still the mainspring of life at Wycombe Abbey to-day, as they are also at

Benenden, its daughter school, in Kent. Like many other girls' schools, Wycombe Abbey has always met its financial commitments unaided, but considerable alterations and new buildings proposed which are now being planned necessitate the launching of an Appeal Fund and Appeal, which we hope will have a worthy figure by the time that the school celebrates its diamond jubilee in 1955.



AT WYCOMBE ABBEY: GIRLS PLAYING LACROSSE, A GAME FOR WHICH THE SCHOOL IS RENOWNED FOR THE HIGH STANDARD IT MAINTAINS.



LEARNING COOKERY: A CLASS IN PROGRESS IN THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE ANNEXE WHICH IS SPECIALLY EQUIPPED FOR TUITION IN HOUSEHOLD SUBJECTS.



HUB OF THE ACADEMIC LIFE OF THE SCHOOL: THE DAME FRANCES DOVE MEMORIAL LIBRARY, WHICH IS HOUSED IN THE FINEST OF THE ABBEY'S RECEPTION ROOMS. THIS WELL-STOCKED LIBRARY, WHERE GIRLS CAN BE SEEN WORKING, WAS EQUIPPED FROM GENEROUS DONATIONS OF THE SENIORS' (OLD GIRLS') ASSOCIATION IN 1950.

ASPECTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE AT A GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR GIRLS: SOME SCENES AT WYCOMBE ABBEY.

Wycombe Abbey School, which celebrates its diamond jubilee next year, can be justly proud of having overcome a crisis in its history which might well have proved fatal to a less vigorous school. In 1942 the whole of the buildings and the estate were requisitioned for the U.S. Air Force at such short notice that the school had to be dispersed. Until the end of the war the U.S. air operations in Europe were directed from the school. It was 1946 before the school could be reopened under its former headmistress, Miss Crosthwaite; with only six of

the girls who had left in 1942 and over 160 new pupils, Wycombe Abbey embarked on its new lease of life. Under the headmistership of Miss Walpole, who succeeded Miss Crosthwaite in 1947, the school has re-established its traditions and is once more restored to its position of pre-eminence as one of the great public schools for girls in this country, and is once again first and foremost a place where "peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety" are reckoned to be the greatest gifts a school can bestow.



THE START OF THE DAY: GIRLS STREAMING ACROSS THE CLOISTERS FROM MORNING PRAYERS, EACH TO HER APPOINTED LESSON. THE CHAPEL WAS DESIGNED BY W. D. CAROE AND OPENED IN 1928; EACH HOUSE IN TURN UNDERTAKES THE CARE OF THE CHAPEL FLOWERS AND FURNISHINGS, AND PROVIDES THE CHOIR.



IN THE ENTRANCE HALL: PARENTS GREETING THEIR CHILDREN ON "AN EXEAT" DAY, WHILE GIRLS FILE THROUGH THE IMPRESSIVE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY GOTHIC HALL TO ENTER THE DINING-HALL, WHERE ALL THE SCHOOL HAVE THEIR MID-DAY MEAL; OTHER MEALS ARE SERVED IN THEIR OWN HOUSES.

LIFE AT WYCOMBE ABBEY SCHOOL: LEAVING THE CHAPEL AFTER MORNING PRAYERS; AND IN THE ENTRANCE HALL.

The idea of the "House" as a family unit is firmly rooted at Wycombe Abbey School, and there are ten houses, in each of which live about thirty-six girls. Each House Mistress has the constant care of the spiritual, mental and physical well-being of each girl in her charge, and also meets her during periods of teaching in the classroom. Three houses are in the main Abbey building, four on the terraced slopes just behind, and three more in Daws Hill House, on the high ground at the head of the valley. This dispersal of numbers gives freedom from

congestion and an independence which provides an untrammelled background to the organisation of school life. The teaching block in the main Abbey comprises form-rooms, art room, libraries, an assembly hall and, close at hand, laboratories for Chemistry, Physics and Biology, a music wing, a gymnasium, and an annexe for domestic science and crafts. Each girl's time-table is suited to her needs, and she has to be responsible for her own plans and movements, working without supervision in her House Study or the Library when not in her classroom.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

ANTIQUITY OF THE SLOTH.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE ai, or three-toed sloth, like the only other living sloth, the unau or two-toed sloth, spends most of its time in trees; but it does descend to the ground at intervals to move from tree to tree. When travelling over the ground it leans on one arm, stretches the other forward until it can grip a hollow or a projection with its claws and then pulls the body forward. With this mode of progression it can achieve a speed of one mile in six-and-a-half hours. Having reached its objective, it will swarm up the *Cecropia* tree, on the foliage of which it feeds, tolerably rapidly and easily by clasping the trunk with its long arms. We are apt to assume that a sloth moves extremely slowly at all times but not all eye-witnesses confirm this general impression. When feeding, it is true, the sloth moves with every appearance of extreme laziness, yet is said to move from branch to branch with surprising nimbleness. It could be that this is no more than is customary among browsers. Even nimble man takes it easy when he eats. All the same, the sloth's tempo invites comparison with the behaviour of many reptiles, which are normally lethargic yet can move at speed when the occasion demands, and this appears to have given rise to the suggestion that sloths constitute a direct link between reptiles and mammals. This is, however, clearly not so, from the evidence of both the internal anatomy and the fossil remains of earlier relatives of sloths. Nevertheless, there is one strong similarity with reptiles—that is, in the brain. The brain-case is low, the brain itself is small, the cerebral hemispheres are poorly developed and the olfactory region of the brain is large.

This particular pattern of brain is so like that of the immediate ancestors of many living mammals that it surely indicates an antiquity. Sloths cannot constitute a direct link with the reptiles, but they are closely akin to the earliest of the true mammals. Fossil remains show a gradual transition, since Carboniferous times, from reptile to mammal. The first undoubted mammals seem to have died out and, moreover, we have little more to show for them than the remains of teeth and jaws. Towards the close of the Cretaceous period—that is, some hundred million years ago—there started the lines giving rise to our present-day pouched mammals, or marsupials, and the true mammals; and

facile assumptions about the causes of extinction of species, or groups of species. The evidence upon which we have to work is, in this instance, extremely slender. Added to this, it is all too easy to exaggerate the effect of a predator, which normally does little more than keep



SHOWING A CLOSE RELATIONSHIP TO THE ANCESTRAL STOCK OF THE TRUE OR PLACENTAL MAMMALS: THE AI, OR THREE-TOED SLOTH OF SOUTH AMERICA.

One of the many "living fossils," the three-toed sloth of South America, owes its survival in part to its inconspicuous habits, including its slowness of movement and camouflaged coat. The body is covered with coarse hairs, each of which is grooved, and in the grooves live colonies of a microscopic plant. When at rest, in a fork or clinging to the trunk, a sloth looks very like a lichen-covered knot. Although commonly pictured hanging by all four feet, armed with hooklike claws, from a branch, the sloth spends as much time clinging head upwards.

the numbers of the species it preys upon at a constant level. Indeed, the sloth itself furnishes an example. Far from being rare, as was formerly supposed, both species of sloth live in numbers in suitable forest habitats of South and Central America. Yet their enemy is the extremely active, sharp-witted, tree-climbing jaguar. The truth probably is that causes of extinction are seldom simple or singular; and the same probably holds true for the converse, causes of survival.

Sloths have poor hearing and poor sight according to all accounts, although presumably from the strong development of the olfactory lobes the sense of smell is good. Their wits are slow, like their movements, for even when we describe them as nimble, the word can only be applied to them in a relative sense. So far as speed is concerned, they must be easily outclassed by the jaguar. And although their long arms and hook-like claws can deal damaging blows, these probably are ineffective against a fast-moving and alert cat like the jaguar. Sloths may therefore be described as virtually defenceless against their main enemy. So far as the continuity of the species is concerned, sloths have another disadvantage. They are slow breeders, with only one young at a birth. However, as I have said, the causes of extinction or survival are seldom simple, and it follows that any comparison, as between giant reptiles and early mammals of the past with present-day sloths and jaguars, cannot be simple either. The sudden intrusion



CRADLED BY ITS MOTHER'S BODY: THE YOUNG SLOTH CLINGING TO ITS CLAWS TO HER HAIR, WITH AN ARM AROUND HER NECK. THIS METHOD OF NURSING THE YOUNG, WHICH STARTS AS SOON AS THE YOUNG SLOTH IS BORN, CONTRIBUTES TO THE SURVIVAL OF THESE DEFENCELESS ANIMALS IN THE PRESENCE OF THEIR AGILE ENEMY, THE JAGUAR.

sloths are very close to the earliest of the true mammals.

The evidence is that these original true mammals were insectivorous and that they are a long way from the active, nimble-witted carnivores that are so often alleged to have brought about the downfall of the giant reptiles, with which they were contemporaneous. It is all too easy to make

into a balanced community of new predators, or even one new predator, can have a marked effect. This is especially true where the attacks are on eggs or young rather than on the adults. If the early mammals were insectivorous, and if, like the insectivores of to-day, they were prone to turn their attention to eggs and newly-hatched young, a lot might be explained.

Perhaps this is partly the secret of the continued survival of the seemingly defenceless sloths. I say partly, because the usually-accepted idea of how they are protected has much to recommend it. That is, they are nocturnal, slow-moving, extremely so when feeding and thereby standing less chance of calling attention to themselves than a more active beast. By day they sleep in position in a fork, rolled into a ball with the head tucked between the arms, their position made the less obvious from the nature of their hair. This forms a coarse coat, in which each grooved hair is occupied by colonies of minute, one-celled plants. So a resting sloth tends to simulate a lichen-covered knot on the trunk. Even allowing all this, the nursing of the young must tend to keep infant mortality low.

The young sloth enters the world fully developed, its body thickly clothed with hair. We can suppose that although its hair is not at first infested with the minute camouflaging plant, this would soon be rectified by transfer from the maternal coat. The claws of the infant also have proportionately the same length of those of the adult. With these it clings fast to the hair of the mother, its arms around her neck. It is difficult to imagine a young sloth having any inclination to play, and so presumably it remains within this natural cradle until able to move off on its own.

It may be that it is the needs of the infant that determine the slow rate of progression by the adult over the ground. It is difficult to understand why an animal that can be nimble in climbing a tree should not be capable of better speed over the ground. On the other hand, the natural reflexes governing the limbs of a sloth are the reverse of those of the usual quadruped. Where the quadruped stretches its limbs, a sloth, under the same stimuli, flexes them. It cannot, therefore, walk on all-fours. The best position for the infant when the parent is in a tree is clinging to the mother's front. Either the infant must climb on to her back when



COMFORTABLY NESTLED IN THE MOTHER'S LONG-HAIRED BODY: THE YOUNG SLOTH WHICH IS EXPOSED TO FEWER HAZARDS THAN THE MORE ADVENTUROUS YOUNG OF MANY OTHER SPECIES.

Photographs by Jean-Marie Bautle.

mother travels across ground to another tree, for fresh fodder, or mother must have the habit of going slowly not to brush her infant off.

Or does the mother fast while nursing and remain in the same tree until her progeny leaves her? Perhaps the answer is known. She could conceivably do so, for sloths, reptile-like, can fast completely for a month without apparent harm. And, reptile-like, sloths can take a great deal of punishment and survive.

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DEMONSTRATING ITS SIZE: EIGHT MEN STANDING IN THE ENORMOUS UNDER-FUSELAGE RADOME FITTED IN LOCKHEED WV-2 SUPER CONSTELLATION RECONNAISSANCE AIRCRAFT OF THE U.S. NAVY, ROWS OF WHICH CAN BE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND SHOWING THE UPPER-FUSELAGE RADOME.

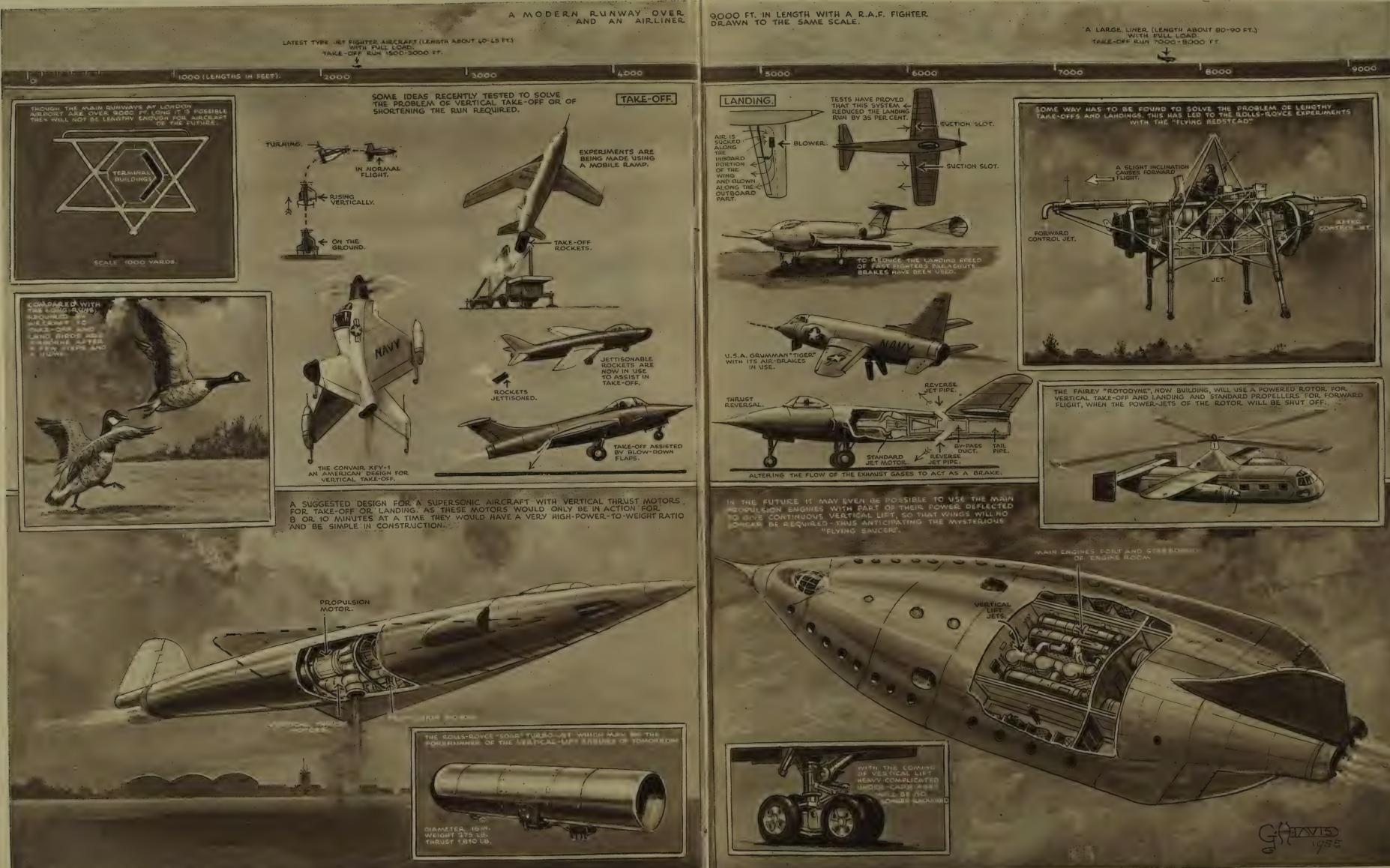


FITTED WITH UPPER AND UNDER-FUSELAGE RADOMES: A LOCKHEED SUPER CONSTELLATION RC-121C HIGH-ALTITUDE RECONNAISSANCE AND EARLY-WARNING AIRCRAFT, THE U.S. AIR FORCE VERSION OF THE WV-2 ABOVE. INSIDE THE PLASTIC RADOMES ARE HEIGHT-FINDING AND SURVEILLANCE RADAR INSTALLATIONS.

EIGHT MEN IN A RADOME: THE HUGE HOUSING FOR THE ALL-SEEING "EYE" OF A SUPER CONSTELLATION.

Equipped with extensive electronic installations including General Electric height-finding radar in an upper-fuselage radome 8 ft. high, and G.E. surveillance radar in a huge under-fuselage radome, the Lockheed WV-2, a specially modified version of the Lockheed *Super Constellation*, has been supplied to the U.S. Air Force and Navy, and will provide an additional early warning of approaching enemy forces and allow extra warning time to populated areas

in the coastal cities of the U.S.A. It will also be possible to use the aircraft to guide fighters in intercepting unidentified aircraft approaching the coast. It can be operated, if necessary, on long endurance flights far out to sea and is fitted with bunks, a galley, repair shop and other facilities for such missions; and can carry a crew of up to thirty-one, including relief pilots, radar operators, technicians and maintenance specialists.



THE "FLYING BEDSTEAD" AND WHAT IT PORTENDS: DRAWINGS SHOWING HOW ADVANCES HAVE BEEN

Because aircraft of the not-too-distant future will be able to fly so fast and will have so high a static speed, making them dangerous to control at the moment of take-off and landing, experts are agreed on the necessity of developing some form of vertical lift to obviate this difficulty. In addition, runways to-day are having to be made longer and longer in order to deal with aircraft as they become heavier and faster, and, as a consequence, attempts are being made to use jettisonable rockets, launching ramps and other gear to assist take-off. In the same way, various methods have been devised in an effort to produce short-run landings. The United States has developed the *Conair XFY-1*, which made her first flight at San Diego, California, on December 6 last year. Jet-driven, twin-screws, plus jet efflux, provide the take-off for this aircraft, which, upon reaching sufficient height, is turned on to a horizontal plane and proceeds normally on level flight. To land, the *Conair* must first lose forward speed, settle back, and make a vertical descent tail-first. In the United Kingdom the *Rolls-Royce* Company has successfully proved the vertical flight potential of a wingless machine with the use of some 34 jettisonable "flying bedsteads", as it has been descriptively called. The jets are simply of two *Nene* engines set horizontally into a framework. The jets are ducted through 90 degrees so that they discharge vertically downwards under

DRAWNS BY OUR SPECIAL

MADE IN VERTICAL TAKE-OFF AND LANDING, THUS HERALDING THE ERA OF WINGLESS AIRCRAFT.

the centre of gravity. The pilot sits on a platform above the engines and controls the machine in flight by compressed air jets. The *Rolls-Royce* Company is careful to explain, however, that the "flying bedstead" is designed solely for research into the possibility of vertical take-off and landing (V.T.O.L.), and that the engine is not, therefore, to be used for only a short period of time—say, ten minutes. In other words, a supersonic aircraft would have, in addition to a normal propulsion engine or engines, a special motor or motors of simple construction and with a very high power-to-weight ratio, whose duty would be to provide the power for take-off and the stalling means for landing. Already in

existence is the American *Bell V.T.O.L.* experimental aircraft, fitted with two small *Fairchild J44* jet engines, which can take off and land vertically as well as horizontally. It is illustrated on page 26 of this issue. The engines instead of vertical take-off as in the "flying bedstead" can be tilted from a vertical position to a horizontal one for normal level flight. This aircraft has wings but, in the foreseeable future, it may be possible to design a machine using the main motors to provide continuous lift as well as forward propulsion—thus heralding flight without wings and bringing the mysterious and elusive "flying saucer" nearer to reality.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



THE date is January 30. But what is far more important—to gardeners, at any rate—is the time of year, and that I can fix for you with tolerable accuracy. A couple of days ago a three-year-old grandson paid us a one-night visit, whilst his parents went a-junketing. His two most important and cherished items of



"A PLANT WHICH I STRONGLY RECOMMEND": *IRIS HISTRIOIDES MAJOR*. "THE FLOWERS, WHICH STAND ONLY 4 OR 5 INS. HIGH, ARE ROUGHLY LIKE SPANISH IRIS, BROAD-PETALLED AND STOCKY, HANDSOMELY MARKED IN LIGHTER AND DARKER BLUE OF A VIVID AND TELLING TONE, AND WITH A HANDSOME GOLDEN 'BEARD.'"

luggage were a Teddy bear and two first snowdrops in a tiny vase. They were very small snowdrops, short in the leg, and somewhat flat-chested, as is always the way with the first-comers. Nevertheless, they were a far surer index of the time of year than anything the calendar had to say. Incidentally, as an index of which was nearer young Martin's heart—at the age of three—I can tell you that Teddy bear was taken home, whilst the snowdrops were left here. As the years pass, however, that preference will right itself. Teddy will become a dear memory, whilst the earliest flowers of the year, the snowdrops, the aconites and the rest will become an annual thrill, a promise of even lovelier things to come, flowering under less intolerable weather conditions.

The weather here in the Cotswolds during most of January has been such a public scandal that I have been little tempted to explore my garden to see what is on the move. This morning, however, I was delighted, and slightly astonished, to see the first half-dozen individuals in a good colony of *Iris histrioides major* fully out. They are growing in a raised bed at the foot of the east wall of the house, and are a particularly fine variety, with flowers of a deeper, richer blue than the normal *histrioides major*, rich and brilliant though that is, and surely the nearest to a true pure blue in the whole iris family. Such a colour in the open air at this time of year is especially welcome, when most other outdoor flowers are either white or yellow.

Iris histrioides major is a plant which I strongly recommend. The bulbs, about the size of a Kentish cob-nut, may be planted at any time during summer or autumn. I have grown them in a wide variety of soils during the last forty years or so, and they have flourished, flowered and increased in both light and heavy loam with equal good will. The flowers, which stand only 4 or 5 ins. high, are roughly like

EARLIEST FLOWERS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

Spanish iris, broad-petaled and stocky, handsomely marked in lighter and darker blue of a vivid and telling tone, and with a handsome golden "beard." The bulbs may be planted in a clump 2 or 3 ins. apart and about 3 ins. deep in a sheltered, fully sunny position. The bulbs increase in a most satisfactory way, and at the end of three or four years it is a good plan to lift the clumps, split them up, and replant. It will be found that around the bases of the bulbs quantities of "spawn" will have formed, small bulbils, about the size of, and looking curiously like, grains of wheat. These may be sown thinly in the soil, and relied upon to grow to flowering size in a year or two or three.

A few original bulbs of *Iris histrioides major* at a shilling or two each can prove a wonderfully good investment if treated with a small amount of care, intelligence and patience. Very often, too, great pods of seed are formed, each pod rather larger than a cob-nut, half-buried in the soil, and filled with seeds about the size of mustard seeds. These may be sown where they are to flower, or, if preferred, in a nursery bed, to be moved later to their flowering quarters, and the same applies to the "spawn." I lift and divide my *Iris histrioides major* bulbs just before the leaves—which follow the flowers—die down.

In the Alpine house things are moving fast, especially the pans of *Kabschia saxifrages*, and encouraging though it is to find a few plants such as snowdrops and iris flowering in the open air, it is pleasant, when bitter, rasping winds are blowing, to be able to go and enjoy the early Alpine flowers, flowering in unblemished perfection in the protection and relative comfort of the Alpine house, unheated and fiercely ventilated though it is.

The earliest of all the saxifrages to flower is the hybrid *Saxifraga x kellereri*. This has

been out now for three or four weeks, with shell-pink blossoms carried in twos and threes upon 4-in. stems rising from a dense cushion of silver-frosted leaves. A pretty gentle creature which has the wisdom to blossom before there is competition from the mass of showier kinds, which in a week or two would make it look perhaps too gentle. A pan of the splendid *Saxifraga burseriana* "Gloria" looks like a 12-in. grey pin-cushion overpopulated with a hundred-or-two glossy crimson pins, each of which, in a week or two, will reach a height of an inch-and-a-half, and produce a solitary glistening snow-white blossom the size of a florin. If I said that they were as big as half-crowns, you would not believe me, unless you had grown the plant and actually compared the two. But they are.

But my favourite among all the *Kabschia saxifrages* is the ancient hybrid, "Faldonside." This has somehow or other acquired a name for being difficult to grow. That is not my experience. Two years ago I planted a small specimen of "Faldonside" no larger than a shilling in a deep hole bored in a tufa rock forming part of a stone trough rock garden.

The plant is now a hard, dense dome of silvery-grey foliage, 2½ ins. across, studded with a couple of dozen flower-buds, bulging stemless from among the close, grey leaves, ready to push up on 2-in. stems and open into a large, citron-yellow blossom, round and perfect in outline, and of fine, solid texture. Each bud is now about the shape and size of a split pea, glossy smooth, almost varnished in appearance, and tinged with red. Even at that early stage in its flowering career it is a thing of great fascination and beauty. In a few weeks it will be a small object of quite outstanding distinction and loveliness, and as to the supposed difficulty of its cultivation, that has always seemed to me the purest poppycock.

All I did with this specimen was to cut a hole in the soft porous rock with a cold chisel and hammer, an inch wide and 6 or 8 ins. deep, fill up with light potting soil and stuff the little plant in. Since then it has received no special attention. It would have done just as well planted in a sandwich-filling of soil in a crevice between two limestone or tufa rocks placed close together.

It must have been between forty and fifty years ago that I bought my first tiny plant of *Saxifraga* "Faldonside" at a small nursery at Bath. Growing in a minute pot, the plant was no larger than a silver threepenny-bit, and it had one fat, solitary bud, tawny-red and glossy as though varnished. Here was a very rare treasure indeed. Reginald Farrer at that time hugged himself in the delusion that his few specimens were the only ones in commerce. I left it at that for a few years until Cecil Davies, my nursery foreman at Stevenage, had exercised his magic powers of propagation and produced a good, thriving working stock of "Faldonside" with which we astonished the pundits at the R.H.S. spring show—especially poor Farrer.

I told recently of a plant of Christmas rose, *Helleborus niger*, which I grew last year in a 6-in. pot, and kept in a shady place in the open until a few weeks ago, and then brought into the house to flower. It then had a number of half-open flowers just hidden under the canopy of leaves, and a nice crop of buds coming on. It responded rapidly to feather-bed conditions in the house. The more forward flowers were soon just above instead of just below the leaves. These have now shot up to a height of 8 or 9 ins. above the leaves, and others are fast on their tracks. In all, there are a dozen of the lovely white blossoms fully out, with more to come. The extra-long stems give them a slightly drawn, unnatural appearance, but only in comparison with how they would have looked had they remained to develop in the open. But their behaviour shows clearly that the books are quite right in saying that the Christmas rose will not stand hard forcing.



"MY FAVOURITE AMONG ALL THE KABSCHIA SAXIFRAGES IS THE ANCIENT HYBRID, 'FALDONSIDE.' FROM A HARD, DENSE DOME OF SILVERY-GREY FOLIAGE IT PUSHES UP GLOSSY, SMOOTH BUDS, ALMOST VARNISHED AND TINGED WITH RED, WHICH OPEN ON 2-IN. STEMS INTO LARGE, CITRON-YELLOW BLOSSOMS OF FINE, SOLID TEXTURE."

Photographs by D. F. Merrett.



PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK:
PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

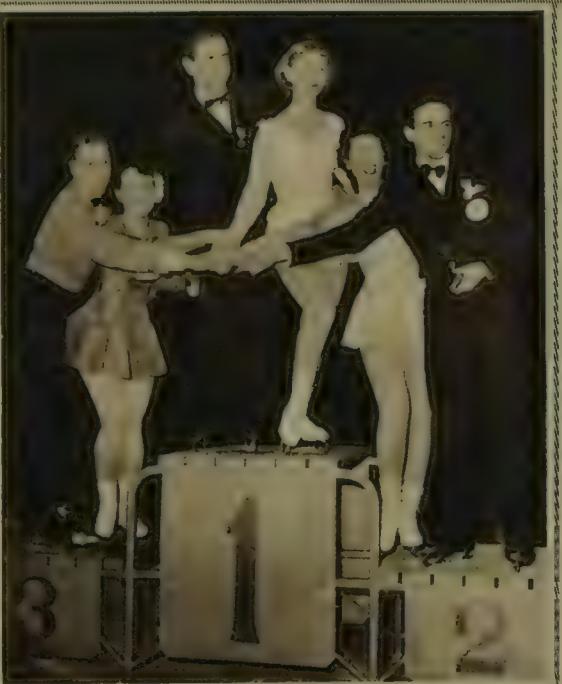
AT A PRESS CONFERENCE AT THE ELYSÉE PALACE, PARIS, PRIOR TO HIS RESIGNATION : M. MENDÈS-FRANCE.
After holding office as Prime Minister of France during the past eight months, M. Mendès-France resigned on February 5 after his Government had been defeated on a vote of confidence on its North African policy by 319 votes to 273.



WITH HER HUSBAND, SEÑOR ROBERTO ARIAS, AFTER HER WEDDING IN PARIS : MARGOT FONTEYN.
Margot Fonteyn, the *prima ballerina assoluta* of Sadler's Wells ballet, was married to Señor Arias, a son of a former President of Panama, at the Panamanian Consulate, Paris, on February 6. Her witnesses were Sir Gladwyn Jebb, the British Ambassador, and Dame Ninette de Valois, Director of the Sadler's Wells Ballet. She intends to continue her career as a dancer.



VOTED TELEVISION'S OUTSTANDING ACTOR AND ACTRESS OF 1954 : PATRICK BARR AND ANNE CRAWFORD.
Recipients of *Daily Mail* National Television awards at the Scala Theatre, London, on February 6 were Patrick Barr, who played in the television serial "The Teckmann Biography," and Anne Crawford, whose plays included the serial "The Six Proud Walkers."



(ABOVE.)
BRITISH WINNERS OF
THE DANCING PAIRS
CONTEST AT
BUDAPEST.

Britain won the first three places in the dancing pairs contest at the European Ice-Skating Championships held in Budapest on Jan. 27-29. The couples are (l. to r.) R. Lockwood and Miss B. Radford (third); L. Demmy and Miss J. Westwood (winners); and Miss P. Weight and P. Thomas (second).



HONOURED ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY : DR. CYRIL GARBETT, THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, WHO HAS BEEN MADE A G.C.V.O.

The Archbishop of York, who celebrated his eightieth birthday on February 6, has been appointed by the Queen to be a Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order. Among the many birthday greetings received by the Primate was one from the Queen herself, conveying her good wishes and those of the Duke of Edinburgh.



(ABOVE.)
EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIPS : WINNERS OF THE WOMEN'S FIGURE-SKATING.

Miss Y. Sueden (right), the British champion, was second in the women's figure-skating contest at the European Ice-Skating Championships at Budapest. While leading, she fell in the free-skating programme and was overtaken by Miss H. Eigel of Austria (centre). Miss E. Batchelor (G.B.) was third.



DIED ON FEBRUARY 1, AGED 53 :
LORD CHARNWOOD.

An ophthalmic optician, who carried out brilliant research work, a motor engineer, and amateur of cars, a yachtsman who sailed to Peru, and a musical critic, Lord Charnwood had many gifts. Wounded at Dunkirk, he later became Second in Command, Coast and Anti-Aircraft Artillery Experimental Establishment.



DIED ON FEBRUARY 2, AGED 68 :
SIR MAURICE DENNY, BART.

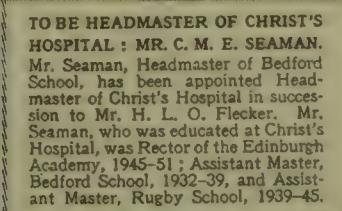
The President of William Denny and Bros., the famous firm of shipbuilders, patentees of the Denny-Brown stabilizing device, Sir Maurice Denny was in 1935 elected President of the Institute of Marine Engineers, a post held by his father and his grandfather before him. He was Chairman of William Denny from 1922-52.



AFTER BREAKING THE WORLD RECORD FOR THE CRESTA RUN AT ST. MORITZ : D. W. CONNOR.
In winning the Gurzon Cup in the time of 44'6 secs., D. W. Connor, of Canada, broke all records for the Cresta Run at St. Moritz, Switzerland, on February 5. He had already broken his own record of 45'1 secs. on previous course.



WITH PRESIDENT CHIANG KAI-SHEK (LEFT) :
ADMIRAL PRIDE, U.S. SEVENTH FLEET COMMANDER.
Chiang Kai-shek is shown above being escorted on board the U.S.S. *Char* by Vice-Admiral A. M. Pride prior to discussing the evacuation of the 14,000 troops and 18,000 civilians on the Tachen Islands, which began on February 7.



TO BE HEADMASTER OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL : MR. C. M. E. SEAMAN.

Mr. Seaman, Headmaster of Bedford School, has been appointed Headmaster of Christ's Hospital in succession to Mr. H. L. O. Flecker. Mr. Seaman, who was educated at Christ's Hospital, was Rector of the Edinburgh Academy, 1945-51; Assistant Master, Bedford School, 1932-39, and Assistant Master, Rugby School, 1939-45.



TO MANAGE THE SUEZ CANAL BASE : MR. L. J. L. ADDISON.

Under the 1954 Anglo-Egyptian Agreement, part of the Canal Base is to be managed on a "ready-for-use" basis by a British civilian organisation. The Suez Contractors Management Company Ltd., formed for this purpose, will appoint a Board of Management in Egypt, under the chairman-ship of Mr. Addison.

FROM HOME AND ABROAD: NEWS ITEMS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



WESTMINSTER PIER SINKS: THE SCENE AFTER THE CENTRE SECTION BECAME SUBMERGED WITH ONLY THE ROOF AND LIGHT STANDARDS STILL SHOWING. Westminster Pier, where the Queen stepped ashore at the end of her Commonwealth tour last May, sprang a leak on February 7 and sank. Attempts were made to pump out the centre pontoon, which sprung the leak, but after three hours' work had to be given up. The pier staff left just before it sank.



THE PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA, MR. ST. LAURENT (RIGHT-CENTRE, BEHIND MICROPHONE), RECEIVING THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON IN GUILDFHALL. On February 7 Mr. St. Laurent, the Prime Minister of Canada, received the freedom of the City of London and was afterwards entertained to luncheon at the Mansion House, where, among those present, were Sir Winston Churchill, Sir John Kotelawala, Mr. Menzies, Mr. Holland, Mr. Nehru and Sir Godfrey Huggins.



AN AIRCRAFT WHICH ACTS AS A LANDING-CRAFT: THE HUGE CONVAIR R3Y-2, PUTTING ASHORE A 155-MM. GUN WITH ITS GUN-TOWER, DURING A DEMONSTRATION AT SAN DIEGO, CAL. The Convair *Tradewind* R3Y is a long-range transport flying-boat; and in the form R3Y-2 has a hinged nose-section which lifts to permit direct loading and landing of heavy equipment such as vehicles and artillery. In the photograph the aircraft is keeping her engines running to hold her nose close inshore.

This flying-boat has a maximum speed of over 350 m.p.h. and a range of 4000 miles; and its loaded weight is over 160,000 lb. It has four turboprop engines (Allison T.40), and will shortly go into service with the U.S. Navy's Fleet Logistic Wings, Pacific.



IN THE RUINS OF A HOUSE DESTROYED BY A TORNADO AT COMMERCE LANDING, MISSISSIPPI: A MAN TRYING TO COAX A FRIGHTENED SMALL DOG FROM BENEATH THE DEBRIS. THE BODY OF A MAN, WHO WAS WORKING IN THE HOUSE WHEN IT COLLAPSED, WAS FOUND NEAR THE DOG.



GUARANTEED TO AROUSE RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION IN THE BREASTS OF CRICKET ENTHUSIASTS: A NOTICE IN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH. THIS HAS, HOWEVER, NOTHING TO DO WITH TEST MATCHES BUT SERVES TO WARN PEOPLE OF THE DANGERS OF STARTING A FIRE BY THROWING DOWN A LIGHTED MATCH OR CIGARETTE.

FOOCHOW AFTER AN AIR-RAID, AND OTHER NEWS FROM THE FRONT IN THE FAR EAST.



AFTER A RAID BY CHINESE NATIONALIST AIRCRAFT: A DEVASTATED AREA IN FOOCHOW, ON THE MAINLAND. THERE HAVE BEEN RAIDS ALONG 300 MILES OF THE CHINESE COAST OPPOSITE FORMOSA.



A BLITZED STREET IN FOOCHOW AFTER A CHINESE NATIONALIST AIR-RAID, SHOWING GUTTED SHOPS AND OTHER BUILDINGS AND A MASS OF WOODEN RUBBLE.



STORMING UP THE ROCKY COAST OF YI KIANG SHAN ISLAND, NORTH OF THE TACHEN GROUP: CHINESE COMMUNIST COMMANDOS DURING THE INVASION OF THE ISLAND.



USING LONG POLES TO SCALE THE ROCKS ON YI KIANG SHAN: CHINESE COMMUNIST FORCES, WHO CAPTURED THE ISLAND ON JANUARY 18, UNDER HEAVY FIRE.



BEING HELPED ASHORE AT KEELUNG, FORMOSA, BY SAILORS AND MEMBERS OF MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S CHINESE WOMEN'S LEAGUE BEFORE THE MAIN EVACUATION BEGAN: CHILDREN FROM THE ORPHANAGE ON THE TACHEN ISLANDS.

It is believed that more than 120 civilians were killed and 180 injured in a raid on Foochow, on the Chinese mainland, carried out by aircraft of the Chinese Nationalist Air Force on January 20. As our photographs show much damage to buildings was caused during the raid. Previously, on January 18, Chinese Communist forces had captured the small island of Yi Kiang Shan in a mass attack launched from landing craft. Although resistance on the island soon collapsed the Communist forces had great difficulty in scaling the rocks and cliffs on the



BEING SPRAYED WITH D.D.T. POWDER BY A CHINESE NATIONALIST SAILOR: A YOUNG REFUGEE FROM THE TACHEN ISLANDS AT KEELUNG, NEAR TAIPEH, FORMOSA.

island. Soon after, the evacuation from the Tachen Islands of dependents of those killed in the fighting on Yi Kiang Shan, and children from an orphanage, was begun. They were safely landed at Keelung, the port near Taipei, capital of Formosa, where Army ambulances and members of Madame Chiang Kai-shek's Chinese Women's League met them. On February 7 the withdrawal of the garrison troops and all civilians from the Tachens was started under the protection of the United States Seventh Fleet.



AS is well known to all good citizens, Brighton caters for most tastes. There are whelks and slot machines, flower gardens, some first-class Staffordshire pottery in the museum and the Regent's fantastic pseudo-Oriental palace, where visitors can see a kitchen fit for Gargantua, much fine furniture and



FIG. 1. A FINE WALNUT PIECE: A BUREAU, THE FLAP INLAID WITH A MARQUETRY PANEL IN THE "SEAWEED" PATTERN.

There are four drawers in this walnut bureau of beautifully figured wood, made in the early eighteenth century. When the flap, which is inlaid with a marquetry panel in the well-known "seaweed" pattern, is lowered, the usual pigeon-holes and centre cupboard are revealed.

fittings and plate, and—for an extra sixpence, to make quite sure that you realise that what you are about to admire is vaguely improper—an amusing satire by the late Rex Whistler showing a leering nude George IV. awakening the sleeping nymph Brighton.

There was also, three or four years ago, at the appropriate season, a very nice little man—now, alas! no more—who would set up his telescope on the promenade and, in exchange for three pennies, would allow you to look at the moons of Jupiter (and, of course, Jupiter as well) and give you a lot of most interesting information about the stars in their courses. A strange and precarious occupation, one would imagine, but he told me that on the whole he was not dissatisfied; while the season was short, and it took eighty threepences to make a pound, there were many compensations, including fresh air and talk with all sorts and conditions of men, some of them highly intelligent. One of these last, he said, was a member of the House of Lords, who was enthusiastic about Jupiter, and had a second threepennyworth, when he saw three moons instead of the orthodox two. I felt flattered at the insinuation that I, too, might be classed among the scientifically-minded and ennobled intelligentsia, so handed over my second contribution and applied my eye once more to the telescope. Alas, no Jupiter and not even one moon, a large gentleman making a hearty supper of fish and chips having planted himself in the fairway.

The point I wish to make is that there is no lack of entertainment in the place, and if you have had enough of both the Regency and the more brash delights of the modern world, you can go back towards London two or three miles, and turn in at Preston Manor, a country house which, with its garden and park, belongs to the Municipality. The place is agreeable, unpretentious, and by the express wish of the donors, the late Sir Charles and Lady Thomas-Stanford, has been left as far as possible exactly as it was during their lifetime, with their odds and ends and personal belongings scattered about the rooms. It is this which gives the house its special character, for whereas a museum collects and classifies and arranges to a set plan, Preston Manor presents a picture of daily life as it was lived by two cultivated people who had inherited some good and many ordinary things and had themselves acquired many others—not "collectors' pieces" in the sense in which that term is generally used. To-day it is interesting; to-morrow and after

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. AWAY FROM THE SEA FRONT.

By FRANK DAVIS.

to-morrow it will be fascinating; for what may seem trivial to us may well prove illuminating to future generations. In addition to all this, one room has been set aside to house the bequest of Mrs. Macquoid, widow of Mr. Percy Macquoid, who was associated with Mr. Ralph Edwards in the original edition of the "Dictionary of English Furniture"; as you would expect from such a source, the bequest contains many fine examples of both Continental and English furniture, some choice silver, and several notable pictures, including a Mabuse and a Hans Eworth. Consequently, beneath the same roof you have the choice of a learned and meticulous connoisseur and the more haphazard gatherings of two individuals who were less concerned with connoisseurship than with making a comfortable home; the former sets off the latter, which can best be described as an accumulation rather than a collection. For example, there are a large number of wooden, silver, brass and plated candlesticks from the days before artificial lighting, certain pieces of furniture which were made locally and not very long ago, certain other pieces acquired in Portugal or Madeira, where Sir Charles had houses, and a library—books, deeds, etc.—relating to the past history of the estate and to the County of Sussex.

The person who will possibly not be pleased is the modish interior decorator, with his elegant, carefully considered furnishingschemes and passion for rooms which have been planned according to a set pattern, and have not been allowed to grow, as

something or other took the owner's fancy. Here is a Hepplewhite mahogany and Prince of Wales' feathers next to a seventeenth-century gate-leg table in walnut, and on the wall an Italian Renaissance mirror, around which Cupids run riot, and another mirror, with a black lacquer frame decorated with figures and flowers in the Chinese manner.

One room has its walls covered with eighteenth-century Spanish leather. No one can say for certain

whence this came, but long tradition associates it with Anne of Cleves, who owned estates in Sussex. Those who enjoy this kind of speculation have their choice of several theories about its origin, the only definite fact being, apparently, that poor Anne ("The Flanders Mare," as that model of tact, Henry VIII.,



FIG. 2. ONE OF FOUR AT PRESTON MANOR: AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY HIGH CHILD'S CHAIR IN CARVED MAHOGANY. The furniture at Preston Manor, Brighton, which Frank Davis discusses on this page, includes four eighteenth-century children's chairs.

called her when shown her portrait) never lived in the house. I'm told that several houses in the neighbourhood have, in the course of years, been associated with her name on the somewhat flimsy ground that she probably—or possibly—paid a visit to the estates in east Sussex (part of the spoils of Lewes Priory), which were granted to her by Henry. No doubt, had Anne been a little more glamorous she would have slept in as many beds up and down the country as did Queen Elizabeth I. I take it we have all been shown

a bed at one time or another in which the latter formidable lady spent the night; I have seen more than one indubitably made at least a century after her death. People love such legends, as witness the number of houses in which Cromwell stayed simultaneously before this or that battle. I have been reminded of this by a Versailles reader who very charmingly rebukes me for having failed to distinguish between Marston, near Oxford, and the Yorkshire village which gave its name to Marston Moor. The Oxford Marston, he points out, is the one Dr. Spooner was referring to (no doubt another libel upon that distinguished scholar) when speaking of friends who lived at Marston Ferry Road; he directed his enquirer to Fast and Merry Road.

Returning to Sussex, there is some nice Empire furniture, mostly in rosewood, not, I think, inherited, but acquired by the late owners early in this century—in this they were anticipating a later phase of collecting—and some excellent mahogany, including a Chippendale chair with interlaced splats which must have given them very special pleasure, for they found it in a church in Madeira covered with green paint. Another piece brought from Madeira is the late eighteenth-century bookcase of Fig. 3; it was altered by the addition of four doors locally. Not, you will note, a grand collector's piece; that is why it has crept in—the house is not that of a grand collector, and to show only the best would give a false impression. Fig. 2 is one of four children's chairs—carved mahogany on sturdy, tapering legs. There is much fine walnut. Room perhaps for another piece here, for example, the bureau of Fig. 1—beautifully figured wood and oval "seaweed" marquetry in the centre of the flap. This does honour to the early years of the eighteenth century. Altogether a pleasant retreat from the bustle of a popular watering-place; it should be even more pleasant by contrast after 1984, if anyone by then is capable of appreciating it.



FIG. 3. OF MAHOGANY, WITH SATINWOOD STRINGING: A LATE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BOOKCASE BROUGHT OVER FROM MADEIRA.

This unpretentious but agreeable piece of furniture is a late eighteenth-century bookcase brought over from Madeira. The four doors were added locally. In common with the other pieces illustrated, it may be seen in Preston Manor.



A FAMOUS VENETIAN VIEW TRANSFORMED : THE CANAL BENEATH THE BRIDGE OF SIGHNS DRAINED OF WATER, AND PRESENTING AN UNROMANTIC EXPANSE OF MUD AND SHINGLE.

The Bridge of Sighs, built by Contino in the sixteenth century to connect the Doges' Palace with the State Prison, is one of the loveliest and most celebrated of Venetian monuments. The canal which it spans was recently drained, so that mud and shingle washed in by the waters could be cleared—for the accumulation gradually formed causes the bottom to rise until passage for gondolas and other craft designed for use in the lagoon becomes difficult—and the famous romantic view was temporarily robbed of its charm. All Venetian canals have to be cleaned once in ten years, and during the

operation the foundations of canal-side houses are inspected, for owing to the salt water and the wash of the many motor-boats which navigate the canals, a continuous process of deterioration takes place and they must be strengthened and repaired. The Bridge of Sighs is actually a passage lit by gratings. Its romantic name does not evoke any tragic historical associations, for in fact it was probably never crossed by any notable prisoner, and merely served as a means of communication between the criminal courts and the criminal prison for commonplace lawbreakers.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

SWANS OF AVON.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IF I were compiling a Shakespeare Quiz, five useful questions might be these: (a) Who said "O, had the monster seen those lily hands Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute . . . ?"; (b) Who was the Gentle Astringer, and where was he encountered?; (c) Who called himself Roderigo? (d) Of what ship was the husband of the "rump-fed ronyon" master?; (e) What was Ford's pseudonym?

Shakespeareans ought not to shudder. Yet I feel that one question, the first, might flummox many candidates. Anybody who runs through the plays for this year's Stratford season (April 12 until the end of November) will have all the answers. Thus: (a) The lines are spoken by Marcus Andronicus upon seeing his mutilated niece Lavinia in the tragedy of "Titus Andronicus"; (b) This gentleman-falconer was met by Helena (the Widow and Diana with her) in a Marseilles street early in the last act of "All's Well that Ends Well"; (c) In the first scene of the second act of "Twelfth Night," Sebastian says: "You must know of me, then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I call'd Roderigo"; (d) The First Witch in "Macbeth" knew that the "ronyon's" husband had gone to Aleppo, master of the Tiger; (e) Ford, coming disguised to Falstaff in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," called himself Master Brook. "Such brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor," observes Falstaff; many in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre this season will think of Roy Byford, eyes bulging, cheeks scarlet, as he set to on the morning draught of sack.

Indeed, old hands at Stratford will have many things to remember. Three of the plays are familiar in Festival record, and even "All's Well," which has been done by the Avon-only thrice, has its special memory. Its performance (May 3, 1916) at the Memorial, the old endeared wedding-cake theatre, was in the spring of the Tercentenary of Shakespeare's death. On the previous afternoon, at a famous Drury Lane matinée, Frank Benson had received the accolade. Next morning the Bensons arrived at Stratford with a rehearsal, and then a performance, of the unfamiliar "All's Well" before them. They had hoped to slip in quietly; before they knew where they were, they were outside the station (Lady Benson carrying lilies and F.R.B. a chaplet of bays), and being drawn rapidly through the crowded streets in a landau to which the members of the Benson company had harnessed themselves. Nobody was much in the mood for the play that night; but the cheering when the Bensons appeared—one as the Countess, the other as Parolles—was so tumultuous that some minutes passed before either of them could speak.

When "All's Well" had been staged, only one Shakespeare play remained for production at Stratford: "Titus Andronicus." It has taken another thirty-nine years to reach the Memorial Theatre. At last, this season, we are to have it—on August 16 as the fifth event in probably the most extraordinary year the Memorial has known.

Sir Laurence Olivier and Lady Olivier (Vivien Leigh) are heading the company. He has acted at Stratford once before, though few will recall the occasion. It was during 1922, the Spring festival. The choristers of All Saints' Church, Margaret Street, came down from London for a single performance of "The Taming of the Shrew." Ellen Terry had seen the boys in London during the previous year when they did "Julius Caesar"; she had said then that their Brutus was "already a great actor." The same boy, Laurence Olivier, still hardly fifteen, played Kate in

"The Shrew," and Ellen Terry wrote in her journal that she had never known the part done better by any woman except Ada Rehan. That was praise, especially when one remembers the portrait of Ada Rehan as the Shrew in the Memorial Picture Gallery, a figure standing with folded arms and upflung head, the eyes sparkling defiance.

It was a long time ago. Sir Laurence is to open the new season (on April 12) as Malvolio in "Twelfth Night," a part he has never acted before, though the rough-haired terrier he made of Sir Toby is a cheerful memory from the Vic in the spring of 1937. Vivien Leigh is now the Viola, and Sir John Gielgud is

HOME AND AWAY: LEADING ACTORS AND ACTRESSES OF THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE COMPANY, 1955.



SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER.



MISS VIVIEN LEIGH.



SIR JOHN GIELGUD.



MISS PEGGY ASHCROFT.

For the second time in two years, and only the second time in the history of Stratford-on-Avon's Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, two companies will be operating simultaneously this season. The home company will be headed by Sir Laurence Olivier and Miss Vivien Leigh, who will be opening on April 12 with "Twelfth Night," Sir Laurence playing Malvolio, and Miss Leigh playing Viola. This will be followed, on June 7, by "Macbeth," with Sir Laurence in the title rôle, and Miss Leigh as Lady Macbeth. On August 16 they will appear in the only Shakespeare play never before produced at Stratford: "Titus Andronicus," with Sir Laurence as Titus, and Miss Leigh as Lavinia. After producing "Twelfth Night" at Stratford, Sir John Gielgud and Miss Peggy Ashcroft will begin a seven-months tour of the Continent, London, and finally the provinces in "Much Ado About Nothing" and "King Lear," Sir John playing Benedick and Lear, and Miss Ashcroft playing Beatrice and Cordelia.

producing. Two weeks later Joyce Redman—who has not been at Stratford yet—is Helena in "All's Well," produced by Noel Willman. And on June 7 we reach "Macbeth," unattempted by Olivier since that cold winter of 1937, the very week that Lilian Baylis died. Then Judith Anderson was his Lady Macbeth. Olivier's performance was (as it remains) the most consistent within memory, one also of haunted imagination. We are soon to discover how it has grown through the passage of the years. Glen Byam Shaw, co-director of the Stratford theatre, is to produce.

July 12 brings "The Merry Wives" (Glen Byam Shaw again to produce; Anthony Quayle, his co-director, as Falstaff, a character he has known already in "Henry the Fourth"); and Angela Baddeley and Joyce Redman as the Wives. So, on August 16, to "the most lamentable Romaine tragedy of Titus Andronicus," directed by Peter Brook—"Such brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor"—and with the Oliviers as Titus and his daughter Lavinia. Leslie Hurry is the designer.

For years I have made myself a menace over "Titus." Stratford has been painfully shy of this thumping melodrama (the Vic did it in 1923), although there has been no reason in the world why it should not have had a performance or so for the benefit of collectors. A great chance was lost in 1929 when Wilfrid Walter and George Hayes, of the Old Vic cast of 1929, were the Festival leads. However, it has come at last—belated, but none the less an event. Its production, I am sure, will prove what dramatic life there is in the play, for all its crude physical horrors. One may recoil from some of it in the text; but two productions during 1953—one by the Marlowe Society at Cambridge and another on the B.C. Third Programme—did show how the tragedy could come across. I may be permitted to quote what I said then: "You cannot laugh long at 'Titus,' for all its absurdities. It has a harsh power. It seizes you by the throat and shakes you." And again: "I noticed how the Cambridge cast, time after time, got through lines that I would have thought impossible in the theatre, such as . . . Lucius's amiable remark to Aaron, 'Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst convey this growing image of thy fiend-like face.'" I am sorry that Shakespeare and his collaborator (take your choice here of names) could not have had the foreknowledge to include the character of Aaron the Younger, as Wilfrid Grantham elaborated it for the Third Programme revival. The character, of course, appears in the play only as a baby, the black son, new-born, of Tamora, Queen of Goths, by her lover, Aaron the Moor. In the broadcast, as a grown man, he looked back over the events of twenty years earlier.

Still, that was a by-product. It is amply good news that at last we are to have the full "Titus" in Stratford. The Festival cast this year matches the programme, with such people in it as Alan Webb, Michael Denison, Ralph Michael, Brewster Mason, William Devlin, Maxine Audley, Rosalind Atkinson, and Keith Michell. Richness indeed. And with John Gielgud and Peggy Ashcroft to head another Stratford company, due for seven months abroad, in London, and in the provinces, with "King Lear" and "Much Ado About Nothing," Stratford's fame is on top of the world.

As I finish this, the news comes that Sir Barry Jackson—whom many of us hold to be the major figure in the English theatre of his time—is to receive the freedom of the city of Birmingham. And no wonder! The Birmingham Repertory Theatre is a lasting glory. And when Sir Barry is honoured, we must remember what he did at Stratford as the man behind the renaissance of the Memorial and Shakespearean production by the Avon. When Drinkwater wrote his prologue for the first night of the Birmingham Repertory in 1913—

We have the challenge of the mighty line;
God grant us grace to give the countersign

—he must have realised that Barry Jackson, of all men, would give that countersign throughout his theatrical life.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"DON CARLOS" (Sadler's Wells).—Verdi's opera, sung with abundant spirit. (January 26.)
"THE MIDSUMMER MARRIAGE" (Covent Garden).—Michael Tippett adds to the record of modern English opera. (January 27.)
"VICIOUS CIRCLE" (New Watergate).—That Existentialist hell of Sartre in which three of the damned torture each other without pause in a small and tawdry Second Empire drawing-room (nothing but three sofas, a mantelshelf bronze, and a paper-knife). Not at all important, but an unrelenting bit of cerebral Grand Guignol: an hour's jabbing at an exposed nerve, Hugh Burden (as a sadistic coward), Faith Brook, and Pat Sandys act it suitably. (February 1.)

ENGLAND RETAIN THE ASHES IN A GREAT VICTORY:
SCENES OF THE FOURTH TEST MATCH AT ADELAIDE.

KEITH MILLER BOWLING THE BALL THAT GOT HUTTON OUT IN ENGLAND'S SECOND INNINGS IN THE FIERCE OPENING SPELL WHICH, FOR A WHILE, RAISED AUSTRALIA'S DESPERATE HOPES.



ENGLAND'S CAPTAIN, HUTTON, LATE-CUTTING BENAUD DURING HIS FIRST INNINGS' TOTAL OF 80, THE HIGHEST SCORE OF THE MATCH. HE HAS NOW TWICE WON THE ASHES FOR ENGLAND.



AUSTRALIA'S TWO MOST SUCCESSFUL BOWLERS AT THE WICKET: BENAUD TURNING STATHAM TO LEG, WHILE MILLER BACKS UP AND EVANS MAKES A TYPICAL DIVE.



MAY CAUGHT BY ARCHER OFF BENAUD FOR 1 IN ENGLAND'S FIRST INNINGS. IN THE SECOND, MAY, WITH 29, TURNED THE TIDE AGAINST MILLER'S FINEST BOWLING.



ONE OF THE TWO SPEAR-HEADS OF ENGLAND'S SPEED ATTACK: TYSON BOWLING TO MORRIS DURING THE FOURTH TEST. IN TESTS SO FAR HE HAS TAKEN 26 FOR 517.



COWDREY HITTING A FOUR TO LEG OFF BENAUD DURING ENGLAND'S FIRST INNINGS—IN WHICH HE MADE THE SECOND HIGHEST SCORE, 79. HE MADE 4 IN THE SECOND.

On February 2 England beat Australia by five wickets on the fifth day of the fourth Test Match, at Adelaide, and so retained their hold on the Ashes. After the victory Hutton gave most of the credit to the fast bowlers Statham and Tyson, the young batsmen May and Cowdrey, and to the wicket-keeper Evans. He also said that he considered the Australian, Keith Miller, the best bowler with the new ball in the world. Australia won the toss and batted first, and after a very slow start made 323, with Maddocks (69) and McDonald (48) the top scorers. The wickets were shared by Tyson (3 for 85), Bailey (3 for 39) and Appleyard (3 for 58), and Maddocks was run out. England narrowly passed this score with 341,

Hutton making 80, Cowdrey 79 and Compton 44. Benaud was Australia's most successful bowler with 4 for 120. Australia opened their second innings disastrously to Appleyard, and on the following morning Tyson, Statham and Wardle continued the rout and Australia were all out for 111, leaving England 94 to get. Bowling analyses were Appleyard 3 for 13, Tyson 3 for 47, Statham 3 for 38 and Wardle 1 for 8. Miller then bowled magnificently, eventually taking 3 for 40, and it looked as if England might not get the runs, but Compton, May and Bailey fought back and with five wickets down Evans hit the winning stroke, thus giving England three victories to Australia's one, with one to play.

LAND, SEA, AND AIR: A EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN MISCELLANY OF NEWS.

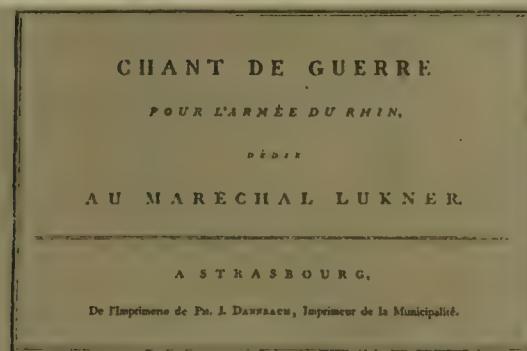


AN AIRCRAFT WHICH CAN TAKE OFF FROM LAND, WATER, SNOW OR ICE: AN AUSTER AUTOCRAT AIRCRAFT WITH A HYDRO-SKI EXPERIMENTALLY FITTED TO ITS LANDING-WHEELS. This aircraft, which is being used by Messrs. Saunders-Roe for research work with the hydro-ski, after tests in model form, has now been tried successfully for take-off from sand, shingle, concrete, snow and water. The skis give it sufficient lift for travelling over water, but it can not float stationary.



THE U.S. NAVY'S LATEST DIRIGIBLE, THE GOODYEAR ZPG-2W. ITS DISTINGUISHING FEATURE IS THE RADOME BUBBLE ON TOP.

This dirigible, one of a new series designed for the U.S. Navy, is made for anti-submarine work and recently made a first trip of 4 hours 38 mins. It has a speed of about 70 knots and can refuel in flight. It contains 975,000 cu. ft. of helium, and is 343 ft. long.



A TELEPHONE DEVELOPMENT WHICH LEAVES THE HANDS FREE, AND IS RECOMMENDED FOR THE DISABLED.

This type of telephone has been developed at Stuttgart, in Germany, and, as can be seen from the two photographs, the handpiece swivels forward on an adjustable bar (arrowed in both pictures). Its advantages in taking dictation are obvious; and it is also extremely convenient for a one-armed person.



NOT THE FIRST LANDING OF MEN FROM OUTER SPACE, BUT A U.S. ARCTIC RADAR STATION.

This vast globe amidst the snow is one of a chain of U.S. radar outposts in Alaska, overlooking the Bering Sea and the north-western approach to America. The fence-like structure, on the right, is a radar antenna. The two men in the foreground give some idea of the size of the globe.

STOLEN FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM, BUT QUICKLY RECOVERED: THE FIRST EDITION OF THE "MARSEILLAISE."

On February 1 it was announced that a valuable piece of printed music, the first printed edition of the "Marseillaise," had been stolen from the British Museum, another edition of the same year being substituted for it. Late on February 2 the sheet was recovered from a safe repository near Euston Station and a man called Thomas Gerald Bolitho was charged with the theft.



A SCHOOLBOY'S—AND SCHOOLMASTER'S—IDEA OF MISERY: A U.S. INFANTRY PLATOON COMMANDER LECTURING HIS PLATOON ON THE "RIFLE PLATOON IN DEFENCE" IN GERMANY, WITH OFFICER, PLATOON, BLACKBOARD AND LANDSCAPE ALIKE PLASTERED WITH FROZEN SNOW.



A SHIP AS A ROAD-TRAFFIC PROBLEM: THE LAKE-STEAMER TICONDEROGA, WHOSE TRANSFER TO THE SHELBURNE MUSEUM, VT., U.S.A., WE REPORTED ON JANUARY 15, SEEN EN ROUTE THERE BY RAIL.



REVOLUTIONISING AN ANCIENT CRAFT AND INDUSTRY: A "COMBINE TURF-CUTTER" AT WORK IN AN IRISH BOG. THE MACHINE CUTS AND PULPS THE TURF AND PASSES IT BY CONVEYER-BELT TO THE DISCS WHICH CUT IT INTO SODS.

This immense assembly, run by the Bord na Mona, the Irish Turf Board, at Clonsast, in County Kildare, is really in two sections. The apparatus in the distance, known as the "Bagger," cuts the turf continuously from a face of peat about 10 ft. deep, hauls it up in a dredger-like process and digests it into pulp. This pulp is passed by conveyer-belt along the assembly seen in the foreground, where it is compressed and cut into convenient sods for drying. As turf-cutting has been mechanised, so peat-cutting—the product is the same, though the name is different—is being revolutionised in Scotland. At Altnabreac, in Caithness, a peat utilisation

experiment is in progress, and here, too, new types of machine have been developed for winning the peat from the bog by methods which partly dry it, and so make it more convenient for use. In Caithness it is intended to use the peat in a gas turbine power-station for making electricity, and two different machines have been developed for this purpose. Both machines will develop a surplus of heat, and it is hoped to use this heat in further drying the peat, and also, perhaps, making peat briquettes. It is thought that this particular peat overlies potentially fertile land, which will come into cultivation when the peat has been removed.



THE MASSIVE FIST OF A GORILLA

NEAVE PARKER

FROM OUR ARTIST'S ZOO NOTE BOOK: ANIMALS' HANDS AND FEET, IN A SERIES OF SKETCHES

The addition of a thumb opposable to the four fingers is something we share with our nearest relatives in the animal world—the lemurs, monkeys and apes. Apart from the practical benefits obtained, the position of a thumb seems to add expressiveness to the hand and increase dexterity. Other animals use the fore-paws for holding, as in dogs, or are stamped with an individuality. Other paws not used for grasping still suggest the character of the possessor. But it is in those having the true grasping hand, even where, as in lemurs, the mental powers are still relatively low, that this member is so strikingly indicative of

personality. Man's predominance, it is often said, springs from his greater brain, his power of speech and his grasping hands. This is not the occasion for debating the relative contributions, but it may be noted that the disparity between the sizes of the human hand and the brain of the great apes is less than the great difference in their respective achievements. Moreover, speech must have come much later than the laying of the early foundations of our civilisations—namely, tool-making. From this analysis we should be justified in assuming that the possession of a grasping hand contributed very largely to human progress.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

WHICH VIVIDLY REVEAL THEIR INDIVIDUALITY, CHARACTER AND FITNESS FOR A VARIETY OF USES.

Yet the grasping hand is by no means the prerogative of the human race. Here is illustrated the variety of hands and feet found in the non-human. On the left-hand page we have the orang-utan, gorilla, gibbon and bush-baby. To the right on the right-hand page are included other primates, the long-tailed macaque, two-toed and three-toed lemurs. Comparing these with the present sample of animals, rat, squirrel and raccoon which, although lacking the opposable thumb, make a fair show of using the fore-paws as hands. We see in these, and others like them, an urge to use a member in a manner beyond its capacity. A similar

urge is seen in the way a dog will hold its young in its clumsy flippers and a porpoise will use its flippers with the design of swimming organs solely, to pick up its young one in an emergency. It is therefore not so much the design of the hand or foot as the urge to use it as a part of the way we are that are combination of design and made-to-use according to some extempore triumph of early man over the works of the great apes. If this much is fanciful speculation beyond the limits of known-facts, it yet remains that the hands, or fore-paws, reveal character in a way hardly to be expected from mere anatomical differences.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THERE is much pleasure in a neat balance of extremes, a perfect natural anti-thesis; and here by chance it has cropped up. Here we have two small stories, each in its way remarkable (or the impression would miss fire), but half a world apart even in space, and as remote in substance and technique as you can well imagine. More so than you are likely to imagine—for one of them is almost inconceivably out of the swim. I shall start off, however, with the less unusual, for a variety of reasons. Because it was a long time reaching us; because its author ought to have the *pas*; and because after it, a spiritual chaser may be well received.

"The Postman," by Roger Martin du Gard (André Deutsch; 9s. 6d.), now twenty years of age, packs a great deal of solid earth into small compass. The theme is unoriginal in type, even a shade banal: only a postman's day, used as a searchlight on his little world. Its quality lies in the execution—and in the moral aura, which is not quite as advertised. The author modestly describes it as "a simple album of village sketches," and what he called it was *Vieille France*. Which, we discover, before long, to be *suggestio falsi* with a bitter edge. For there is nothing of the idyll about Maupeyrou. It can be beautiful to look at—as in this morning hour, when Joignea staggers out of bed. "The sky was pink; pink, too, were the sleeping houses, and pink the dust in the deserted square, where the trees laid long shadows, as they did in the evening." The scene is set for a good life; but Joignea though a rogue in grain, a "hairy spider" in a web of blackmail and intrigue, is on the whole one of its nobler products. He has at least some liveliness of mind; and morally, he is no baser than his neighbours. In Maupeyrou, not to be squalid, grasping and malevolent—not to have something nasty in the woodshed—is to be shockingly displaced. Among its right, true sons are, for example, the old brothers Merlavigne—Joignea once failed to meet the train, because he thought their bakery was on fire. "Just what the Merlavignes and their little maid had put into their furnace on that particular night had never been discovered. It certainly hadn't been ordinary firewood; or stale crusts, either. A litter of kittens, some people thought? . . ." Then there are the "respectable" inhabitants: the *dévôtes*, who are poison, the three war widows, who are a grisly species of *dévôte*, and the "fortunate few," like M. Arnaldon's Thérèse, who married a rich widower. As moral relief, we have two pitiful old men thrown on the scrap-heap, and three displaced idealists all miserable as sin, and one, perhaps, going to do murder. Still, there are gleams of comedy; and though the author's vision is so lucid, it is not "detached." What he *desires* to see (like poor old M. de Navières, but far more consciously) is "better people."

OTHER FICTION.

And therefore "Inez and Her Angel," by Georgina Sime and Frank Nicholson (Chapman and Hall; 8s. 6d.), has, after all, the same subject at bottom: though on all other levels, they refuse to touch. But then this new book is a curiosity. It has no background (though I infer the setting to be Canada). It has no story—but one could say that, loosely, about other novels. It describes a mystical experience—and that merely sounds up to date. But on the contrary; this little volume presents *nothing but* a mystical experience, and I doubt if there has been much like it since "The Cloud of Unknowing." I mean, in kind; I am not saying this is a "classic." But it is far more daring than such an enterprise could be in a believing age, or on a foundation of orthodoxy; and though a gentle work, it makes no effort to play safe, or to appease the *Zeitgeist*.

Briefly, the single character is very unhappy: racked by a broken love-affair, shocked at the state of her own mind, feeling alone, torn and distraught. One evening at a concert, she suffers the worst pang of all . . . and just then, "great wings" close around her. Inez has no special religion, either then or afterwards; but she accepts the angel without fuss. Later, he comes a second time. Still later, he is always "there," and mostly visible—but not at all intrusive; it is rather like having a cat in the room. He never speaks, and her reaction to him is extremely gradual. Nobody notices the change; yet in the end she *has* changed, to the very core.

Far from pooh-poohing all this, I should quite willingly accept it as a real experience. Not, certainly, a joint experience: but the inspiring voice is clearly feminine. As for the method, there is none; the voice is simply, with great sensibility, talking about life.

Those who can't do with it, and who regard "The Postman" as too grim, should try "Last Recollections of My Uncle Charles," by Nigel Balchin (Collins; 12s. 6d.). Although the postulate—that Uncle Charles was an old bore, and no one put up with his stories who could slip away—rather affronts the understanding. It would have no excuse for not being humbug; and the old gentleman is actually a true-blue entertainer. What he so brilliantly provides is not the "slice of life," but the sophisticated yarn—comic, dramatic, sentimental, even at one moment uncanny. Of this mixed fare, I enjoyed least the subtler stories about Woman: and best of all, the electronic brain that could play draughts. Then there is a touching study of a car-lover—weakish in form, but full of pathos . . . and doubtless other favourites for others. It is not vintage Balchin: his inspired line (though one might grow a little weary of it) is sardonic heartbreak. But it is wonderfully smooth and versatile.

In "The Case of the Three Lost Letters," by Christopher Bush (Macdonald; 9s. 6d.), Ludovic Travers is asked to supply old Mr. Baldlow with a guard-companion, till he leaves the country. For until then (having caught Moral Rearmament, and a conviction that his money is a sacred trust) he will be rummaging in the moral cupboards of potential heirs. There are three persons under scrutiny; and Mr. Baldlow is expecting them, at intervals, on the same day. Only, instead, he is found murdered. Each had received a letter from him, which, curiously, they have all destroyed—but they all say it gave no hint of his intention: Travers begins to dig—and in the end, of course, gets down to the surprising (and unlikely) truth. This is real, orthodox detective-work: although I find the sleuth too masculine, and too unflaggingly aware of his good school.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN THE SEA, AND IN THE AIR.

A LITTLE while ago I had the pleasure of reviewing in this column Mr. Hans Hass's remarkable book "Diving to Adventure" which looks like becoming one of the classic handbooks of the new sport of under-sea exploration and adventure. In his new book, "Men and Sharks" (Jarrold; 15s.), Mr. Hass describes his activities in the *Ægean*. I found it just as fascinating as the previous volume, though perhaps the title is a little misleading. Only a small part of it is devoted to the activities of sharks, which in those seas are not as dangerous as they are in tropical waters. Here is Mr. Hass describing the shark in movement: "The shark is the concentrated essence of felinity. His whole body is motion. His mighty tail fin barely sweeps the water, and he's gliding effortlessly along. For him there is no resistance. Eight or ten quick fin strokes, and he is flying through the sea at thirty-five, fifty, perhaps sixty miles an hour. And then a little turn and he swings aside. There's a fish before his maw: he surveys it with both eyes before he bites. Of course he does not turn over on his back, as people are always saying. There is something jolly in the way he snaps, in his pointed nose, in his supple motions. Something tremendously frolicsome—but the next moment he is lofty again, superior, almost arrogant."

I am sure Mr. Hass is right, but the word "jolly" is one which I have never previously thought of associating with these ferocious creatures, and I should scarcely like to rely on his arrogance and the fact that he is likely "not even to notice" you! One curiosity struck the underwater explorers, and that was the absence of the fish in various parts of the *Ægean*. The explanation which occurred to them was the habit of the Greek fishermen fishing with dynamite, which not merely killed off the fish, but the plankton and other sea foods on which they lived. Apparently this practice still continues and is virtually impossible to eradicate as, of course, in any Hellenic land, the movement of patrol boats is known to everyone concerned. Mr. Hass is as able with his pen as he is as a diver, a harpooner or an underwater photographer and his descriptions are vivid, exciting and at times beautiful. On one occasion he and his friends passed the wreck of a ship which had been sunk by bombing. "As it was scarcely forty feet down, we dived without gear. The wheel at which the helmsman had stood during the attack would still turn. Down on the promenade deck, where the passengers had rushed to the lifeboats, there was now a greenish-blue twilight. Diving through a bomb hole, we reached the dining saloon. Where people had sat and eaten, now fish swam across broken dishes and over tables covered with a grey, compact slime." The descriptions are supported by wonderful photographs. You are enabled to see the helmsman's wheel and the promenade deck in this strange light, and the forests of the sea-floor and their denizens photographed by human beings who had become, for the nonce, one with them. An admirable book indeed, but I wish there had been more about sharks.

M. Jean Delacour is, I suppose, one of the foremost ornithologists in the world to-day; Mr. Peter Scott is equally famous as a painter of wildfowl. A book in which the two collaborate is, therefore, something of an event. This is "The Waterfowl of the World" (Country Life; 5 gns.), and is the first of three projected volumes which the publishers claim "will provide a synthesis of all that is known of the waterfowl of the world as they exist at the present time." In this first volume M. Delacour deals with a number of species with many of which the ornithologist and wildfowler in this country will not be familiar. There is the Magpie Goose of Australia, the curious series of Whistling Ducks, a whole section on Swans, Geese and Brents together with Sheldgeese, Shelducks and such curiosities as the South American Crested Ducks and Steamer Ducks. It is a scientifically devised work which should prove of immense value to libraries and institutions and also to amateur ornithologists.

"Jane's All the World's Aircraft, 1954-55," edited by Leonard Bridgeman (Sampson Low, Marston and Co. Ltd.; 4 gns.), is a book which will be an exciting delight to the air-minded schoolboy, and a matter of sober interest to all those who take a professional or amateur interest in aviation. The amount of ground covered is enormous, and it comes as a surprise to find that, for example, the French have such a large number of extremely fast-looking types. The chapter on Soviet aircraft has, of course, the interest of anything into which a certain amount of intelligence work must have gone. It is alarming to be reminded of the booty, in the shape of German brains and advanced designs, which fell into Russian hands at the end of the war. These included technical research stations at Peenemünde and Rechlin, Junkers and Heinkel factories and a number of advanced Messerschmitt projects. As the editor says: "German production methods and engineering techniques have been closely studied, and in the early days after the war, German influence was noticeable in the design of certain jet fighters and the utilisation of jet units of B.M.W. and Junkers origin. The power-plant situation was transformed overnight, of course, with the sale to Russia of Rolls-Royce Nene and Dervent gas turbines in 1946-47.

For some time after this high performances were obtained by providing the German-inspired air frames with British engines." The italics are mine.

Ever since I can remember (until last year) one has always thought of "Whitaker's Almanack" as being essentially an unillustrated work of reference. Last year, however, the publishers produced a sixteen-page illustrated section dealing with the leading events of the past year, which is repeated this year with photographs of, for example, the Royal Tour, Roger Bannister breaking the world record for the mile, and the uncovering of the Temple of Mithras, in Walbrook. As last year, there are three editions—the complete (1190 pages) 15s., the shorter edition (694 pages) 7s. 6d., and the library edition, which is bound in leather, with coloured maps, at 30s. It is as up to date as a work which is as comprehensive in its distribution as it is in its contents can be expected to be, including, for example, last autumn's Government reconstruction under "Occurrences during Printing." An innovation of interest is the expanded introductory paragraphs which deal with the various Government departments and other public organisations, which are always such a valuable feature of this invaluable book.

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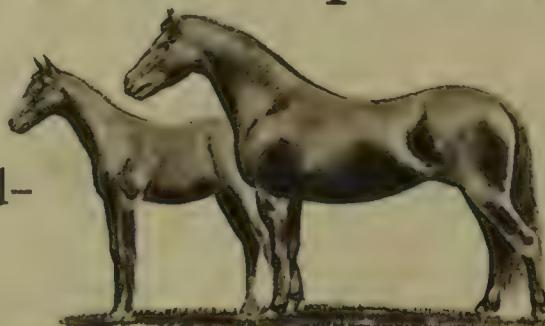
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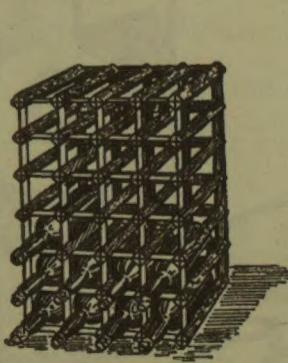
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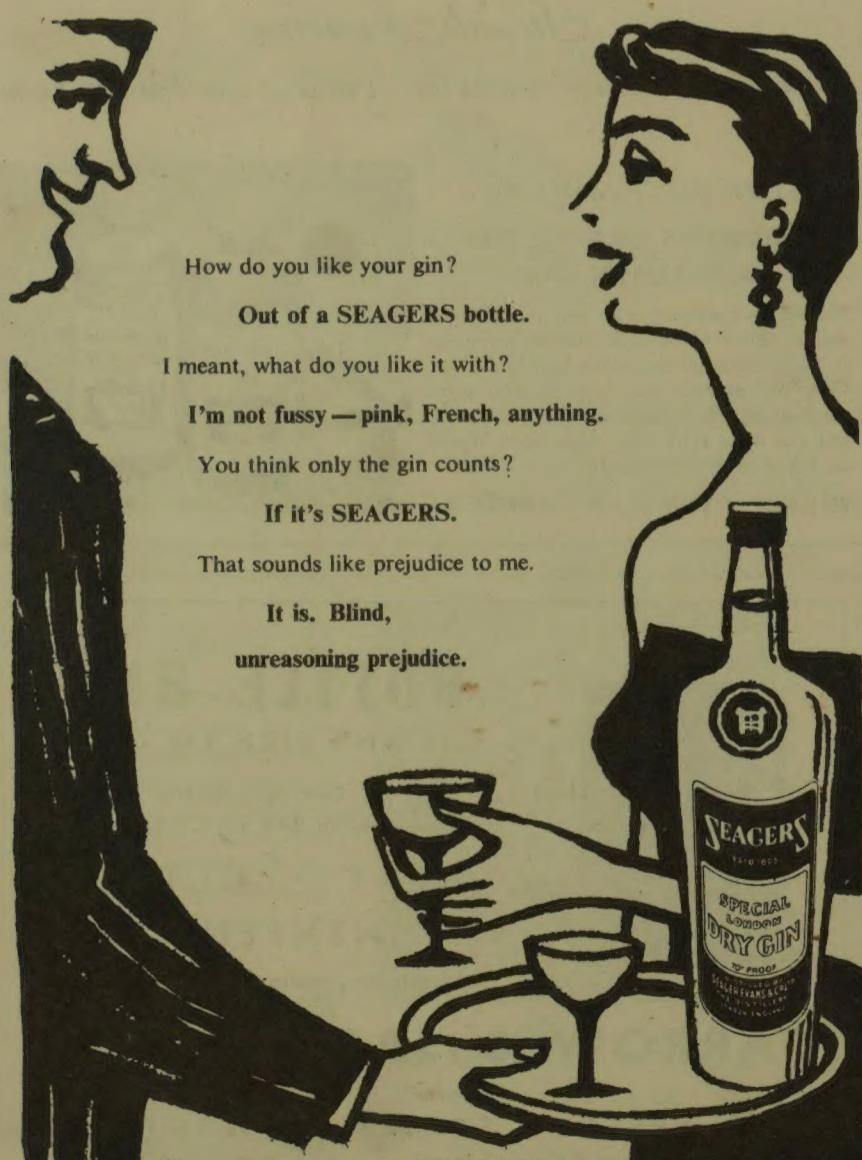
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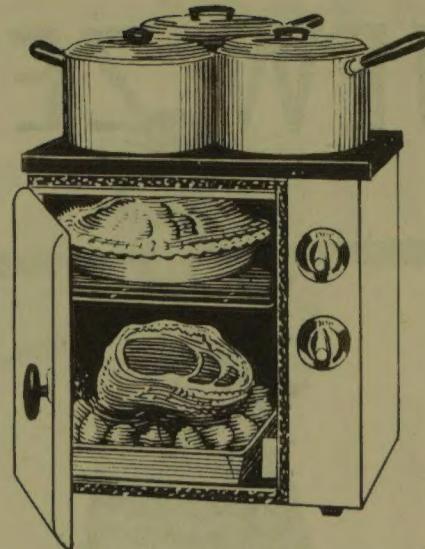
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